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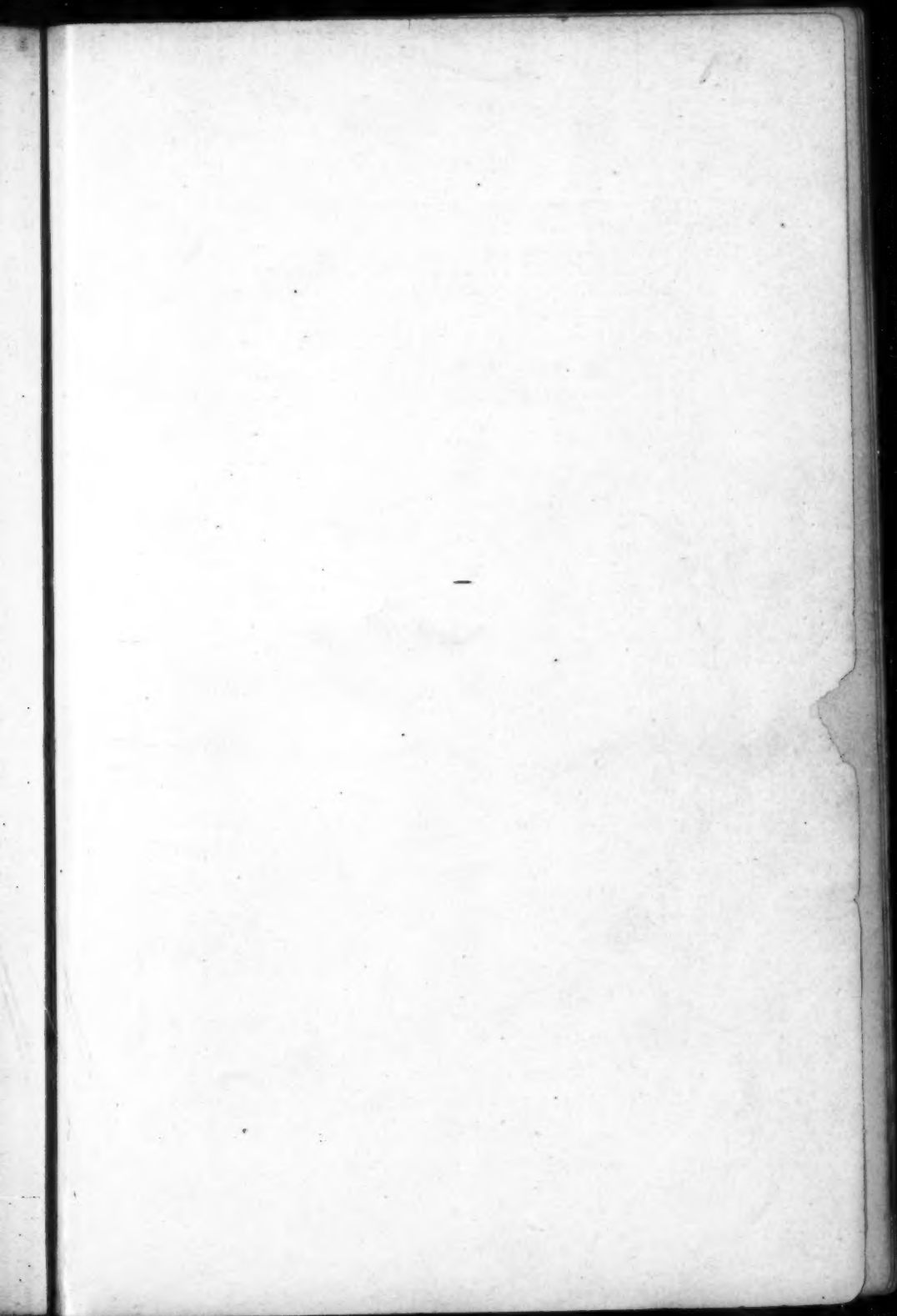
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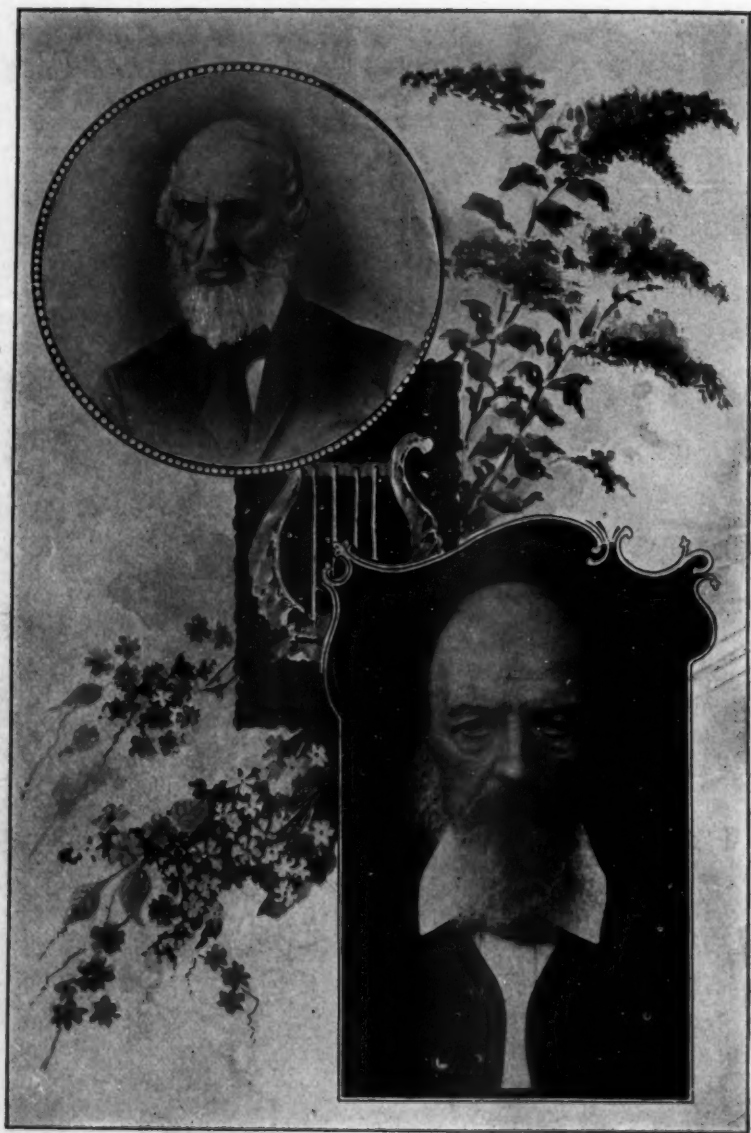
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THE ARENA.

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WHITTIER AND TENNYSON.

BY WILLIAM J. FOWLER.

WITHIN a few weeks two great poets have passed from the ranks of the living to the life beyond. Each in widely different ways voiced, as poets may, the hopes, doubts, fears, or ultimate trust and faith of nineteenth-century thought. Born within two years of each other and dying within a month, there seems enough relation between the American John G. Whittier and the Englishman Alfred Tennyson to warrant some thoughts on the resemblances and still more important differences in their characters and their work.

Whittier was the older. Born in 1807 when there was no American literature worthy the name, it was a rare good providence that early put into his hands the homely melodies of Robert Burns. Turning his disadvantages to his gain, as many a man born in poverty has done, young Whittier early mastered a homely, rugged style. He had much of the fire of the later Hebrew prophets, whose thought pervaded his writings, as it was the fountain where he first drew his strength. The English poet was a scholar. He had more of the sense of melody that may be thought essential in a poet. Yet it seems sometimes as if Tennyson's advantage in this had been turned to loss, and that his fancy was the slave, not the master, of the melody he loved to make. Much of his poetry seems the play of a *dilettante*. Even the lightest touch of Whittier's fancy bears the earnest purpose of a master-workman. All of Whittier's work is characterized by intense earnestness, and this atones, in the eyes of the

masses, for defects which critics note. His verses are alive. We do not expect the faultless, smooth immobility in living man or woman, that is the especial merit marble statues may attain. The apparent lack of earnestness in much that Tennyson wrote, detracts from its value in the estimation of a people where "art for use" counts for more than "art for art's sake."

Tennyson's genius, like that of most English poets at the beginning of this century, was inspired by Byron. He was an admirer of the great lyric poet, whose personality impressed all it touched, and whose genius winged his words wherever the English language was spoken. Tennyson has told how profoundly the death of Byron affected him. It occurred before he was twenty years old, at a time of life when genius is most susceptible. When he learned of Byron's death, he wrote: "Byron is dead! I thought the whole world was at an end! I thought everything was done and finished for every one! that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone and carved 'Byron is dead!' in the sandstone."

No one can fail to see traces of the Byronic fashion of morbid thought in this remarkable incident. To Tennyson's impressible nature the memory of Byron was a spell never afterwards wholly thrown off.

The death of Arthur Hallam occurred in 1833. He was a college mate of the poet, and was engaged to be married to Tennyson's sister. He was two years younger than the poet. How profoundly this death affected Tennyson may be guessed from the fact that it sent him for seventeen years into comparative seclusion, and affected the entire current of his after life. "In Memoriam," embalming Arthur Hallam's memory, was completed in 1849 and published a year later. Of necessity this poem is morbid, the product of a mind partly unbalanced by sorrow, and expressing this sorrow to the world as no writer had ever done before. It is the rule of originality that a writer must put something of himself in his work; but Tennyson turned himself spiritually inside out, so that people witness the contortions of his mind much as the accident to Alexis St. Martin a generation ago exposed his digestive organs and enabled curious doctors to note the hidden processes of digestion. It was a sight fit only for doctors to see. In Tennyson's case, too, there was much

doubt at the last whether what was recorded was the normal process, unaffected by the exposure. The doctors generally agreed that the process of digestion was probably interfered with by exposing the digestive organs to unnatural conditions. Certainly thousands have borne as great sorrow as did Tennyson, and have come through suffering to greater strength and clearer faith than did the author of "In Memoriam."

Before the death of Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson was full of the aspirations and hopes which properly mark young manhood. He was in step with the liberal progressive spirit of the early part of the nineteenth century. That death came as a pall to his hopes. He lost step with his time, and became to a certain extent morbid. "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" marks his earlier radicalism. In "Locksley Hall" there are signs of a conflict between the lower and higher elements of his nature; but in the end the higher nature barely triumphs. It is the human experience of duality that is found as far back as the Zoroastrian philosophy, and whose expression has always been a favorite subject with the poets. Whittier's great poem, "The Voices," is based on the idea of duality. It is superior to "Locksley Hall," nor is it hard to distinguish in what this superiority lies. The young English poet recounts his temptation under a rejected love to put behind him the ennobling refinements of civilization, and in barbarism lead a life of sensual pleasure. This has been the temptation of millions when purer love was not for them. Though he put the temptation behind him with the scornful line —

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay,
he has himself told us why: —

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

Whittier's was a nobler temptation. It was rather from ambition appealing to the higher part of his nature than sensualism appealing to the lower. And "the voice" that Whittier heard was not an airy vision that must seem only half real either to himself or others. It was the awful voice of God through his conscience, calling him to his work, which, when once heard can never be forgotten. So while Tennyson could become a *dilettante*, this was impossible to our greater American poet, with his call to sacrifice

his life for human good. It is not irreverent to say that Whittier's conscience is the same voice that eighteen hundred years ago replied to like temptation with the scornful words, "Get thee behind me, Satan." It was in each case the voice of Love indignantly refusing to accept worldly honors to the sacrifice of the poor and lost, and choosing rather to be the sacrifice for their salvation. Contrast anything in "Locksley Hall" with this voice of God as heard by the poet Whittier in spurning his great temptation:—

Thy task may well seem over-hard,
Who scatterest in a thankless soil
Thy life as seed, with no reward
Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

Not wholly is thy heart resigned
To Heaven's benign and just decree,
Which, linking thee with all thy kind,
Transmits their joys and griefs to thee.

The meal unshared is food unblest;
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

What is it, that the crowd requite
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies?
And but to faith, and not to sight,
The walls of Freedom's temple rise?

Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Faith shares the future's promise; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won:
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

Whittier, in common with the early anti-slavery agitators, thus giving his life for the poorest of God's children found the promise true. The life lost for love's sake was returned in more abundant measure than he could have dreamed when driven from the city by a Concord mob of its most respected and wealthy residents in 1835. Tennyson by his long searching had not found out God. He could only reach to—

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
"Defects of doubt and taints of blood."

And again —

I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all
And faintly trust the larger hope.

Against this cry, almost of despair, rings the strong, clear voice of Whittier in the "Eternal Goodness" —

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.
Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

Well may men say of Whittier, "Whence had this man such faith." It is Job's faith over again. "Though he slay me yet will I trust him," and Whittier's faith, like Job's, came from a life stripped of all save God. Whittier's career shows how surely spiritual strength grows as does that of the physical system by use and exercise. Early in life he took upon himself the burdens of an oppressed race, and as life advanced his sympathies broadened until his heart went out to the struggling poor and the downtrodden of every land and clime. Tennyson vainly sought perfect comfort for his personal bereavement. Whittier found happiness under far heavier burdens. Over and over again he has spoken of his life as one of great happiness. Well it might be, filled with God's peace even when all men were against him. He might say with Paul, "At my first answer no man stood with me; but all forsook me and fled." Yet he could also add as did Paul, "Howbeit the Lord was with me and strengthened me." One of Mr. Whittier's most touching personal reminiscences is his hymn for the celebration of emancipation at Newburyport in 1865.

Not unto us, who did but seek
The word that burned within to speak,
Not unto us this day belong
The triumph and exultant song.

Upon us fell in early youth
The burden of unwelcome truth,
And left us weak, and frail, and few,
The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became.
The air we breathed was hot with blame;
For not with gauged and softened tone
We made the bondman's cause our own.

We bore, as Freedom's hope forlorn,
The private hate, the public scorn;
Yet held through all the paths we trod
Our love for man and trust in God.

The hymn closes thus : —

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours
Has mined and heaved the hostile towers;
Not by our hands is turned the key
That sets the sighing captives free.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave
Is piled and parted for the slave;
A darker cloud moves on in light;
A fiercer fire is guide by night!

The praise, O Lord! is Thine alone.
In Thy own way Thy work is done!
Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,
To whom be glory, first and last!

It was because Whittier loved all men that he had this strong faith in the final dominance of love. Whoever sees this, not merely sees God, but has the strength that only God can give. There is no need in Whittier's case to indulge idle fancies that his life had suffered personal bereavement out of which had grown his faith. Such fruit could not be produced except by that broad sympathy which included all mankind, and that could make the bold appeal as did the Apostle Paul, "Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not?"

Tennyson is not to be judged by contrast with Whittier, but by the adverse conditions of his age and time. No man can hope to escape these conditions save as he early grasps the arm of the Almighty love that it would be blasphemy for human thought to think of conditioning. Contrasted with what preceded him, Tennyson's weaker faith seems bold and daring. It may even have been helpful to Whittier in reaching his own loftier flights. We cannot forego

our gratitude to Tennyson for the measure of religious truth he taught mankind in his song.

Politically Tennyson contrasts more poorly with Whittier than he does in his faith. Tennyson lost step with the forward march of mankind. Like Moses from Pisgah, he saw the future in vision, but did not enter the promised land. The promised future is not so far advanced in England as it is here. Whittier lived in the enchanted grounds of Bunyan's pilgrim in his latter years, but he knew that yet greater glories were coming. Tennyson wrote in early manhood these lines to Lady Clara Vere de Vere:—

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

And then in his old age he was pleased to be made Lord Tennyson, and sit and vote among the hereditary rulers of Great Britain. He wrote in "Locksley Hall" of the Coming Federation of the World, and lived to become the implacable enemy of Home Rule for Ireland and an opponent of what is yet to be the Federation of Great Britain, and ultimately may hope to become a part of the Federation of all English-speaking peoples.

All this was, in Tennyson's case, the fearful cost of centering his thought about his personal bereavement. It gave us "In Memoriam," truly the pearl of monodies, but like a pearl a product of morbid conditions. An oyster's existence may well be sacrificed to produce a pearl. Though the pearl that Tennyson has given the world is far more valuable, it is a pity that a human life should be marred to make it.

The world will never outgrow Whittier's thought, because it is based on pure love for mankind. The world never can outgrow that. Other things may fail, but love is from God; love is God, and God endureth forever. But England has already outgrown so much that Tennyson in his later years lived for, that it is generally believed there will be no successor to his post as poet laureate. His lines are, and always will be, valuable as expressing in beautiful and melodious language ideas that the world has outgrown, or is outgrowing, but he will hardly be a teacher of future thought. His eyes turned not to the golden future that Whittier's clear-eyed faith saw. He rather faced the gilded past. As

evidence of Whittier's forecast of the coming good, there is nothing finer in any poet than his hymn "My Triumph." These verses men and women may sing a thousand years hence:—

Hail to the coming singers :
Hail to the brave light-bringers :
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me ;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be, —
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples.
Sound, trumpets far-off blown;
Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

The lesson of these contrasted lives is that there is no consolation for sorrowing hearts like work, especially as the poet Whittier found it in work that helps mankind. It is not alone that work absorbs the faculties and prevents brooding over past sorrows; a thrill of keenest exultation rightly belongs to all who, in even the humblest capacity, are doing what they may to fulfil the round of human duties, make the earth warmer and sweeter, and human lives everywhere better worth living. Such men and women, wherever they be, are co-workers with God, and, workers with God, come in time to share the divine strength and with it the belief in the ultimate extinction of evil or its transmutation into good.

Mrs. Stowe in "Dred," a tale of the Great Dismal Swamp, written before the war, tells a beautiful and true story of Milly, an old colored woman who had escaped after serving years in bondage and after all her children had been sold from her. She worked hard in her old age, spending her money to bring up and send into the world, with all the advantages she could give, as many colored children as she

could secure. "You see," said she, "dis yer's de way I took to get my heart whole. I found it was getting so sore for my chil'en I'd had took from me, 'pears like the older I grow'd the more I thought about 'em; but long's I keeps doing for chil'en it kinder eases it. I calls 'em all mine; so I's got a good many chil'en now."

This poor colored woman had found the secret of happiness so long as sin and sorrow exist in the world. It consists in labor to help men to better, higher lives. In this effort God and all good angels are engaged. Who, then, can prevent its final success? Who, too, shall dare doubt the happiness and success of lives thus engaged in co-working with God, the Almighty love?

But Tennyson also, though in lesser degree, in earlier life grasped this thought. Perhaps a hundred years hence the two lines of "Locksley Hall" that will be most widely quoted will be these:—

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

So, then, love overcoming self was the earlier Tennyson's ideal. Alas! how few of us realize or even recognize in later life the ideals of youth. He who would do so must subordinate self and strive for that which will enoble and uplift others. Byron learned this truth; he sacrificed self to establish Grecian liberty, and died a martyr to freedom, redeeming in that sacrifice much of the evil that his verse had done. All mothers know this happy secret. It helps to sustain them in the dark hours that come to all. Revery is not sacrifice. Introspection, if carried to extremes, is morbid and injurious. But in working for human welfare the highest energies of the soul may be employed without waste or loss of power. No rust can corrode a life based on love for one's fellow-men, practically exemplified in work to better their condition.

The most remarkable modern religious movement is the insistence on subordinating dogmatic faith to the practical faith that works by love in efforts to benefit humanity.

Human progress thus far has been largely made through overcoming evil. Had there been no holding of men and women as chattels under the slavery system that a generation ago prevailed, such a mission as Whittier's would have

been impossible. Sweet singers will come after him, but none can ever take his place. The advance of humanity in the past half century is an earnest of greater things to come. As Whittier wrote in one of his most prophetic strains:—

O, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man;—

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

The faith, hope, and in fact the future humanity will doubtless be greater every way than men of the present day can realize, even as they are now greater than in the past. But every advance that future witnesses will owe much to these poets and prophets of the nineteenth century. The later years of Mr. Whittier were filled with the happy consciousness of this future of mankind to which he had contributed all that was possible for one life to give. In his earlier years his tone was belligerent, even almost to defiance. He had his message to deliver, his work to do, for the poor and oppressed. Yet even then his belligerency was based on love. It was like the fierce defiance of the lioness guarding her young, or, rather, like a mother battling for her children; for over all the oppressed Whittier's love seemed like that of a woman for her child.

But when the chain was broken and the oppressed were freed, he who so long had been their champion was given the sweet rest and peace that the voice of God bespoke for him at the close of his poem "The Voices":—

Hast thou not, on some week of storm
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form
The curtains of thy tent of prayer?

So, haply, when thy task shall end,
The wrong shall lose itself in right,
And all thy week-day darkness blend
With the long Sabbath of delight.

Into this Sabbath of delight both Whittier and Tennyson have entered; for the ideal of Tennyson, also, was the Almighty love that

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

The difference was that while Tennyson sung as an ideal the elimination of self, Whittier realized it in his work; and as to do is more than to sing, Whittier's was the nobler life. Yet, doubtless, the American worker owed much to the English singer. How large a part of the modern spirit of self-sacrifice is owed to this line from "Locksley Hall" only the future will reveal. It has been the inspiration to millions of men and women, and of uncounted noble deeds.

It is most curious to note the boyish shyness and disrelish of praise for himself that came to Mr. Whittier in the closing years of his life. It is ever thus. A great work to do, a great message to deliver, makes men bold. But after the work is done and the message delivered, the soul by that fact rises to new heights and sees vaster vistas of God's work in the world. He must needs become as a child again, and say, "These things are too wonderful for me," as he takes refuge in the infinite love that we have been taught to call "Our Father."

There is in the line from "Locksley Hall" about love striking out the chord of Self a subtle suggestiveness that haunts men's minds until the riddle be solved. Does not the passing away, so nearly together, of these two great poets, one the sweetest singer of his time, the other a worker of a great poem in his life, as in his words, suggest what the answer must be? Both have gone beyond mortal vision. But they have gone to the land where the clear-eyed vision with which our Bible closes saw innumerable hosts singing songs of praise. Is it wrong for those who loved Whittier and Tennyson to think of them as not idle in their new home, already, mayhap, engaged in the old familiar work, but now writing new songs for angelic choirs, to be set to more melodious music than has ever been heard by mortal ears?

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON *VS.* SHAKESPEARE.

BY REV. A. NICHOLSON, LL. D.,
INCUMBENT OF ST. ALBANS, LEAMINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

PART II. A BRIEF FOR THE DEFENDANT.

THIS case, as stated in the brief, is an action brought by a claimant. It is not pretended that Francis Bacon made any claim to Shakespeare's plays, but by a fiction or figure borrowed from lawsuits, Bacon is taken to be claimant.

I premise: William Shakespeare in the last decade of Elizabeth was known to fame. "He had now," says Judge Holmes, "acquired a brilliant reputation." His genius was recognized on all sides by contemporary authors, scholars, fellow-dramatists, fellow-actors, some of these his rivals and bitter enemies; for three centuries the Warwickshire poet has held the first place in English literature.

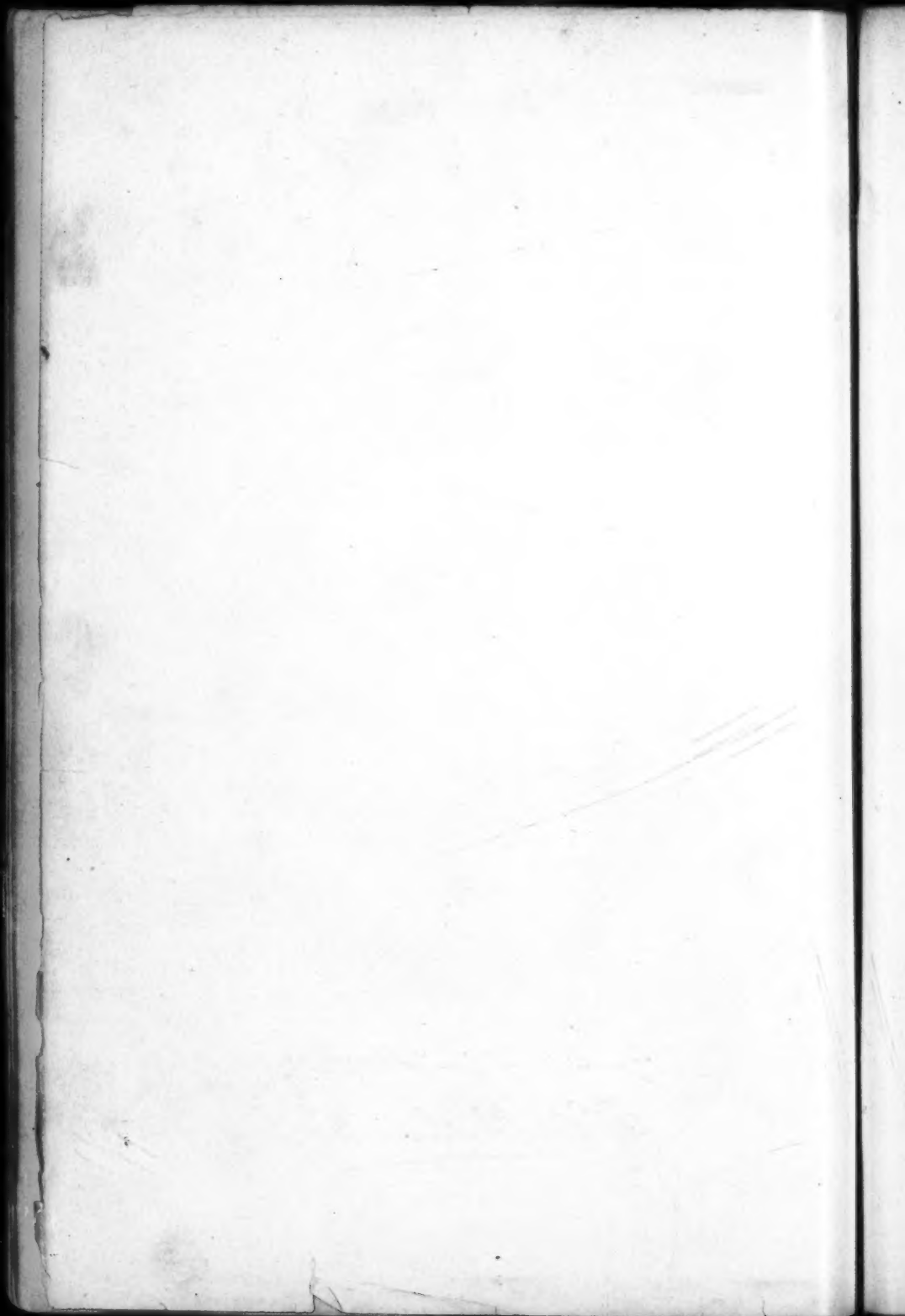
Such is the title of Shakespeare to the property, and he cannot be lightly ousted from possession. The *onus* lies upon the claimants; it is for them to invalidate the title of the possessor and to make good their own — and this, not by mere innuendoes and conjectures, but by evidence and matter of fact.

It would not be possible for me, within the prescribed limits, to cover the whole ground taken by the brief. I confine myself here to the evidences, such as they are, adduced by the claimants for Bacon. If these evidences be worthless, as I hope to show, the claimant has no case.

SECTIONS 1, 2, and 3. — Several points in the evidence at the outset may be readily disposed of: first, the intellect and learning of Bacon; second, the learning and eminence of his family are points not disputed; third, the suggestion that if he wrote for the stage he might possibly, or probably, have concealed his authorship from motives of interest or ambition — this is matter of opinion and conjecture; when it is proved by evidence that Bacon wrote the plays, it will be time enough to imagine motives for concealment.



Yours very faithfully
A. Nicholson



SECTION 4.—The first document put in for the claimant is an undated letter with postscript, addressed to Bacon by Sir Toby Matthew while abroad. The brief states that this letter was written subsequently to Jan. 27, 1621. We may take that as proved. Even subsequently to March 28, 1623, Bacon, in a Latin letter to Count Gondomar, announces the departure of Matthew for Spain; and on the 29th of May, in the same year, the Duke of Buckingham, writing from Madrid to Bacon, says, "Tobie Matthew is here." Matthew writes from Madrid to Bacon, in reply to a letter from the latter, "I have received your great and noble token and favour of the 9th of April," simply acknowledging the favor of Lord St. Albans' letter. The brief, however, will have it that the "token" was nothing else than the folio of 1623. But that was impossible; the date of the "token" was the 9th of April, and the date of the folio was the 8th of the following November.—*Halliwell Philipps*, "*Outlines*," Vol. I., p. 65.

The reference to the folio being out of the question, I come to the postscript, which is as follows:—

"The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation and of this side of the sea is of your lordship's name, though he be known by another."

Wit, in the idiom of the time, stood in general for intellect. Bacon was in the habit of presenting copies of his philosophical works to Matthew, and, in another letter addressed to the same correspondent while in Spain, he speaks of his great works, the "Advancement of Learning," the history of Henry VII., and the Essays. His chief labor then was, as he states, to revise these works and get them translated into Latin from English, in order to preserve them to posterity, "for these modern languages will at some time or other play the bankrupt with books." In the postscript quoted, I contend there is no reference to any other than the philosophical works of Bacon. There is no mystery in Sir Toby Matthew's compliment; he means, "Of all philosophers, English or continental, however highly any other name may be thought of, I, for my part, put first the name of Francis Bacon." If the statement be not thus general, the reference is without doubt to Galileo. (See Matthew's letters of 25th of April, 1616, and 14th of April, 1619.)

SECTIONS 5 and 6.—These two heads may be taken together. In the case of great contemporary writers, marked by depth of thought, knowledge of the world and man, a wide range of subjects, and a mastery of language, we may, by the help of a copious index for the one and a concordance for the other, multiply parallelisms.

There is no concordance to Robert Greene, yet with a little industry we may collect parallelisms between Greene and the Promus; e.g., Mrs. Pott compares Promus, 477, "All is not gold that glisters," with the "Merchant of Venice," "All that glisters is not gold"; Greene (*Metamorphosis*) has it, "All is not gold that glisters." We have in the Promus, 945, "I will hang the bell about the cattles neck"; for this Mrs. Pott finds no parallel in the plays. We have in Greene (*Metamorph.*) "Tush, cannot the cat catch mice, but she must have a bell hanged at her ear?" Mrs. Pott's parallels to the Promus are for the most part vague, and, worse than this, she often misses Bacon's point.

One of the commonplaces of the commentators is to search out parallel passages in all classic writers. We can find such between Job and Homer, between Seneca's plays and David's Psalms (Compare Psalm lv., 4 *seqq.*, with Seneca's Octavia, 318 *seqq.*). This topic was long ago anticipated by Dr. Samuel Johnson, a critic without a rival in universal knowledge of English literature. He says (Preface to Shakespeare, p. 36): "Some have imagined deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from works translated in his (Shakespeare's) time; or were such easy coincidences of thought as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences. I have found it remarked that, in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of, *I, pre sequar*. I have been told that when Caliban says, *I cryed to sleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion. There are a few passages which may pass for imitation, but so few that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations or by oral communication, and, as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it."

SECTION 7.—The brief says, "Bacon's love of flowers perfumed his whole life." The argument here is, Bacon speaks much of flowers, and the author of the plays speaks much of flowers. Therefore, etc. But the author of the plays was a poet, and all poets speak of flowers; and Bacon was a naturalist, and naturalists speak of flowers. Horace and Virgil, as poets, write of flowers, and Pliny, the naturalist, writes of flowers. Moreover, the phenomena of flowers and trees are so full of beauty that the mere statement of the facts is poetry. Take as an instance a chapter from Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, lib., xvi., 40. The prose of the philosopher is an Horation ode without metre.

SECTION 8.—The items of the Northumberland House box are straws grasped at in the lack of evidence. From the loose and misleading statement in the brief, it might be supposed that we have here the handwriting of Bacon. No such thing. The facts are these. Some years ago an old box was found in Northumberland House, in the Strand, in which lay, amongst other things, a rough MS. book, partly injured by fire, having a paper cover inscribed with a list of contents. Supposing this outside page or cover divided vertically, the left-hand side originally formed a margin. On the right, is the list of contents, thus:—

MR. FRAUNCIS BACON
OF TRIBUTE OR GIVING WHAT IS DUE
THE PRAISE OF THE WORTHIEST VIRTUE
THE PRAISE OF THE WORTHIEST AFFECTION
THE PRAISE OF THE WORTHIEST POWER
THE PRAISE OF THE WORTHIEST PERSON
. . . . PHILLIP AGAINST MOUNSIEUR
PA REVEALED
EARLE OF ARUNDELL'S LETTER TO THE QUEEN
SPEECHES FOR MY LORD OF ESSEX AT THE TILT
A SPEECH FOR MY LORD OF SUSSEX TILT
LEICESTER'S COMMONWEALTH. INCERTO AUTH [ORE]
ORATIONS AT GRAIE'S INN REVELLS
. QUEENE'S MAT^{rs}
BY MR. FRAUNCIS BACON
ESSAIES BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Then occurs a space after which:—

RICHARD THE SECOND
RICHARD THE THIRD
ASMUND AND CORNELIA
ILE OF DOGS FR
BY THOMAS NASHE . . . INFERIOR PLAYERS.

In the space above noticed is scribbled *William Shakespeare*. Over the whole page, left and right, there are various scribblings: "Mr. Frauncis Bacon," two or three times, "Asmund and Cornelia," and "William Shakespeare," seven or eight times more, with other words, verses, and phrases, Latin and English, and single letters, as though the writer were idly using or trying his pen. No one pretends that a single word in the whole is in the handwriting of Bacon. Some of the pieces entered in the contents are not found in the volume, and some of the pieces extant in the volume are not in the "contents." Amongst the missing pieces are the two Shakespeare plays, "Nashe's Isle of Dogs" and "Asmund and Cornelia." Judge Holmes suggests that the Shakespeare plays were purposely destroyed by Bacon; but this notion is untenable, for (i.) several other pieces are missing from the volume; (ii.) the titles of the two plays are left in the "contents"; (iii.) the name "William Shakespeare" is left written eight or nine times on the page. The writers of this MS. had obviously no secret to keep.

Mr. Spedding, who has no theory to serve in this case, says:—

"We may conclude, therefore, that it was about 1597 that playgoers and readers of plays began to talk about him (Shakespeare), and that his name would naturally present itself to an idle penman in want of something to use his pen upon. . . . At the present time, if the waste leaf on which a law-stationer's apprentice tries his pens were examined, I should expect to find on it the name of the poet, novelist, dramatic author, or actor of the day, mixed with snatches of the last new song, and scribblings of 'My dear Sir,' 'Yours sincerely,' and 'This indenture witnesseth.' And this is exactly the sort of thing which we have here. I think I am in a condition to assert that there is no trace of Bacon's own penmanship in any part of the volume."

SECTION 9, "Concealed poets."—Bacon writes to Davies with the request to mention him favorably to the king, and hoping that he (Davies) would be "good to concealed poets." The thing "concealed," therefore, in virtue of which he classed himself with poets, was known to Davies. But it cannot be pretended that Davies knew the mystery that was to be buried in the grave: that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Therefore, it follows there can be no reference to the plays in the phrase in the letter. Bacon, in his *Apology*, says, "I am no poet." That he occasionally

wrote verses and speeches for his friends, however, was well known within his circle. Hence, writing to a poet and claiming his kind offices, he pleasantly adds, be "good to concealed poets."

SECTION 10.—It is urged that Stratford and the Avon are not mentioned, while St. Albans, York Place, and the county of Kent are frequently introduced. But the latter names occur as part and parcel of the history dramatized. The same is true of St. Albans. That town was one of the ordinary stages on the road to the north. Robert Fabyan (obit 1512), giving an account of the four great highways of England, says of the second that "it begins in Dover, and passeth by the middle of Kent, over Thames beside London, by Westminster, and so forth, by Seyret Albany's" (New Chronicler, *Capitulum*, 30). Holinshed gives the great roads as well in his own as in ancient times. In his tables St. Albans appears as one of the principal stages on the main road to the north. (See Holinshed, Book III., chap. xvi., "Of our Innes and Thorowfares.")

On the other hand, we have in the plays clear indications of intimate knowledge of localities and names in the neighborhood of Stratford and the Avon, and these not introduced as matters of course. For instance, we have the Forest of Arden, Barton-heath, Wincot; also several family names of Stratford and its vicinity, as Sly in the "Taming of the Shrew," and Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot. It has been ascertained from local registers that "Hackets" lived in the last-mentioned place.

Mr. Halliwell Phillips remarks on the "Taming of the Shrew":—

"Its local allusions might induce an opinion that it was composed with a view to a contemplated representation before a provincial audience. That delicious episode, the Induction, presents us with a fragment of the rural life with which Shakespeare himself must have been familiar in his native county. . . . Wincot is a secluded hamlet near Stratford-on-Avon, and there is an old tradition that the ale-house, frequented by Sly, was often resorted to by Shakespeare, for the sake of diverting himself with a fool who belonged to a neighboring mill. Stephen Sly, one of the tinker's friends or relatives, was a known character at Stratford-on-Avon, and is several times mentioned in the records of that town. This fact, taken in conjunction with references to Wilmecote and Barton-on-the-Heath, definitely proves that the scene of the Induction was intended to be in the neighborhood of Stratford-on-Avon, the water-mill tradition

leading to the belief that Little Wilmecote, the part of the hamlet nearest to the poet's native town, is the Wincot alluded to in the comedy." — *Outlines*, Vol. I., p. 233-34.

SECTION 11.—The brief argues, from the beauty and neatness of the original MSS. of the plays, as reported by the editors of the *Folio* of 1623, that these were in the handwriting of Bacon. This is impossible. If the MSS. were in the handwriting of the lord chancellor, the mystery would have exploded at once. Judge Holmes saw this when he said, "He (Bacon) must have destroyed them before his death, if this theory be true; any other supposition would seem to be wholly inadmissible." — *Holmes*, Vol. I., p. 75.

SECTION 12.—It is next contended that Bacon was in want of money and employment during portions of his life which coincide with dates of the publication of the plays, and that, therefore, Bacon wrote the plays. But poverty is no evidence, and the period of the plays from 1597 happens to have been the busiest time of Bacon's life. He was engaged in practice at the bar and in great affairs of state. It is lightly assumed that his philosophical works were despatched offhand about the time of publication. But he must have been storing his mind for years with resources, having taken, as he says, "all knowledge for his province." It is known from his papers and notes what laborious and systematic preparations he made for his great works. His friend and biographer, Dr. Rawley, shows what little leisure Bacon had from law, public affairs, and philosophy. It is suggested that his mother, Lady Bacon, thought that he was engaged in some mysteriously secret work, when she wrote to Anthony, May 24, 1592:—

"I verily think your brother's weak stomach to digest hath been much caused and confirmed by untimely going to bed, and then musing *nescio quid* when he should sleep."

The note translates, "I know not what." But *nescio quid* simply means "something or other," and Lady Bacon was too good a scholar to blunder in the use of a common idiom. Certainly Lady Bacon had no love for plays, but barristers and players at the time were much together; and her sons, like the rest, had to do with masques. She writes to Anthony 30th of June, 1595:—

"Alas what excess of bucks at Gray's Inn, and to feast it so on

the Sabbath! God forgive and have mercy upon England." — *Spedding's Bacon*, Vol. VIII., p. 364, note.

SECTION 13. — Under this head there is no semblance of argument in the brief. Sir Toby Matthew does not affect the case. He wrote letters to Bacon about philosophers and politicians: about Galileo, Copernicus, the Duke of Buckingham, Count Gondomar, but never once about dramatists, not a word about plays or players. As to Ben Jonson — if Jonson was Bacon's private secretary, he was also Shakespeare's friend. In his conversations with Drummond, he says: "I loved the man, and do honour to his memory, on this side idolatry as much as any." In the folio of 1623 appears his long and celebrated panegyric of the "Sweet Swan of Avon"; under Shakespeare's portrait in the same volume, he records his admiration of the poet in the well-known verses to the "reader." We are now asked to believe that in these lines we have an "exquisite satire"; that Ben Jonson means to post a lampoon under the frontispiece. This is truly exquisite nonsense.

SECTION 14, "Mine own tales." — The argument here is a direct contradiction to the basis of the claimant's case. We are told at the outset, Bacon's authorship was a secret to be buried with him. But here we are informed that this profound secret was public property. It was known, it seems, not only to Toby Matthew, John Davies, Ben Jonson, and others, but to a whole bench of judges and privy councillors, and that even the general public were no strangers to the fact; that is to say, the proof of Bacon's secret authorship of the plays is that at the very time his secret authorship was a notorious fact. Great stress is laid in this case upon the phrase, "*mine own tales*."

We know that when Bacon was chosen to take a particular part in the prosecution of Essex for treason, he protested as follows: —

"Whereupon I replied to that allotment, and said to their lordships that it was an old matter, and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charges, being matters of Ireland, and thereupon that I, having been wronged by bruits before, this would expose me to them more; and it would be said I gave in evidence mine own tales."

"Mine own tales" is here taken to mean "my own stage plays," with particular reference to the play of "Richard II.;"

and the argument in the brief, as I understand it, is this: that Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare plays, and of "Richard II." in particular was known to, or suspected by, the lords commissioners; and that, outside the court, the authorship of those plays and of "Richard II." in particular by Bacon was, if not a matter of public knowledge, at least a matter of common rumor or belief.

A mere statement of the position in the brief is in itself a sufficient refutation. I proceed, however, to deal with the matter in detail. The first point is to ascertain the meaning and reference of Bacon's words *bruits* and *tales* in the passage quoted.

In December, 1599, there was strong popular feeling against Bacon. The people, however unjustly, attributed to his influence the severity of the queen towards the popular favorite Essex. In a letter to the queen at the time (See *Spedding*, Vol. IX.), Bacon says, "My life hath been threatened, and my name libelled." In a letter, at the same juncture, to Lord Henry Howard, in reference to the same misrepresentation of his conduct towards Essex, he says, "I am sure these courses and *bruits* have hurt my lord [Essex] more than all." In the course of the letter he describes those same *bruits* as "this fable" and "this tale" (*Spedding, ibid.*). Further, in a letter to Sir Robert Cecil, referring to the same public slanders, Bacon describes them as "this report" and also as "libels and lies." "Tales" never means stage plays, but narrations, and if false, slanders, libels, and lies. In the latter sense Bacon uses the term in the passage quoted above. Clearly, in all the places I have cited, *bruits*, tale, fable, report, lies, and libels are used by Bacon to designate one and the same thing; viz., the calumnious rumor by which he was wronged, as though he had unworthily influenced the queen against his friend and patron, Essex. "Tales," then, in his use of the word is equivalent to fables, fabrications, lies, and libels; and the phrase, "*mine own tales*," means "fabrications, fables, lies, and libels of my own."

We have now to deal with the statement in the brief, that Essex was charged with connivance with the play actors in producing the play (Shakespeare's) of "Richard II." To this statement I must give a flat denial. It will be necessary here to lay before the jury a careful statement of the facts.

We have before us three distinct documents in the case: first, Dr. Hayward's pamphlet; second, a lost play called "Richard II.," represented by order of Sir Gilly Merick; the third, the extant play of "Richard II." by Shakespeare.

(i.) Dr. Hayward's performance was no play. It is always called a book or a pamphlet, and that by Bacon himself. Its subject was the first year of Henry IV. or the end of Richard II. It was considered a seditious and dangerous publication, and the author was imprisoned. It appears that the Earl of Essex had unwisely patronized this book, but soon afterwards he withdrew all countenance from it. The queen was both alarmed and incensed. She suspected the real author, it would seem, to be Essex himself. Bacon says (*Apology*):—

"About the same time I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had some affinity with my lord's (Essex) cause, which, though it grew from me, went after about in others' names. For Her Majesty, being mightily incensed with that book which was dedicated to my Lord of Essex, being a story of the first year of King Henry IV., thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the people's head boldness and faction, said she had an opinion that there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not find any places in it that might be drawn within case of treason; whereto I answered, 'For treason surely I found none, but for felony very many.' And when Her Majesty hastily asked me, 'Wherein?' I told her the author had committed very apparent theft; for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus and translated them into English and put them into his text. And another time, when the queen would not be persuaded that it was *his* writing whose name was to it, but that it had some more mischievous author (obviously meaning Essex), and said with great indignation that she would have him racked to produce his author, I replied: 'Nay, madam, he is a doctor; never rack his person, but rack his style.'"

In his *Apophthegms* (xxii.) Bacon repeats much of this:—

"The book for deposing King Richard the Second and the coming in of Henry the Fourth, supposed to be written by Dr. Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth, and she asked Mr. Bacon, being then of her counsel learned, whether, etc."

We have, therefore, sufficiently identified the first document.

(ii.) The play called "Richard II." ordered by Sir Gilly Merick to be acted. Some time had passed since the affair of Dr. Hayward; and on the afternoon before the "rebellion" of Essex, Sir Gilly Merick and other friends of the

earl requested the actors to perform for them the play of the deposing of Richard II. The following is quoted from a "Declaration," which, it is abundantly certain, was the work of Bacon:—

"That the afternoon before the rebellion Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action (i. e., in the Essex affair) had procured to be played before them the play of Deposing King Richard the Second, and not so only, but when it was told him by one of the players that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it, there were forty shillings extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was. So earnest he was (Merick) to satisfy his eyes with the sight of that tragedy, which he thought soon after his lord (i. e. Essex) should bring from the stage to the state, but that God turned it upon their own heads."

It appears, then, that this tragedy of deposing Richard II., brought out again by Sir Gilly Merick, was an old play which had been discarded by the actors. Malone says, "Unquestionably this old play, like many others, was never printed, and I fear has long since perished. If it could be recovered, it would be a great curiosity."

(iii.) Shakespeare's play of "Richard II." This cannot be confounded with Dr. Hayward's book, nor with the tragedy called for by Sir Gilly Merick. As distinguished from the latter, Shakespeare's was not an old but a new play, dating no farther back than 1597, and printed and published for the first time with the author's name in 1598. Moreover, Shakespeare's play was so far from being considered "seditious and dangerous," that it was performed under the express sanction of the lord chamberlain.

In connection with these matters, we now come to the preparations for the Essex trial. Bacon, naturally, was reluctant to take any part as counsel for the crown against his friend and patron, Essex. The queen, however, insisted on his doing so. It was necessary, then, to arrange the parts for the several counsel in the case. The commissioners for the trial had more than one preliminary meeting for the purpose. Of the proceedings at their final meeting, Bacon relates in his *Apology*:—

"Hereupon, the next that I heard was that we were all sent for again, and that Her Majesty's pleasure was we all should have parts in the business; and the lords falling into distribution of our parts, it was allotted to me that I should set forth some undutiful carriage of my lord (Essex) in giving occasion and countenance to a seditious pamphlet, as it was termed, which was dedicated unto him, which

was the book before mentioned of King Henry IV. (i. e., Dr. Hayward's book). Whereupon I replied to that allotment, and said to their lordships that it was an old matter, and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charge, being matters of Ireland; and, therefore, that I having been wronged by bruits before, this would expose me to them more, and it would be said I gave in evidence mine own tales."

Bacon's personal objection, however, was overruled, and he adds "*volens nolens* I could not avoid that part that was laid upon me."

How, then, did Bacon discharge his part, and what course did he take at the trial?

I quote from *Morrison's Report*, "Bacon's Works," by Basil Montagu, Vol. XVI., note 4:—

"The second point of Master Bacon's accusation was that a certain dangerous seditious pamphlet was of late put forth into print, concerning the first year of the reign of Henry IV., but, indeed, the end of Richard the Second; and who thought fit to be patron of that book but my lord of Essex, who, after the book had been out a week, wrote a cold, formal letter to my lord of Canterbury to call it in again, knowing belike that forbidden things are most readily sought after; this was the effect of his speech."

It is certain, then, that this point of the charge brought at the trial against Essex by Bacon had no reference whatsoever to plays, but simply and solely to the book or pamphlet of Dr. Hayward, described as "seditious and dangerous," to which Essex for the time had lent open countenance and patronage.

We are now in a position to give the true interpretation of those words of Bacon which the brief has altogether misunderstood and distorted. Bacon pleads to be excused from bringing this charge about Dr. Hayward's book on the grounds, not only that it was a bygone affair, and one that had nothing to do with the Irish business, but, also, personally on his own account. He had been already publicly wronged by bruits or slanders, as though he had influenced the queen against Essex; he now feared that he should be wronged by like bruits again, and be charged with foisting into this case, as evidence, the Hayward matters, which had nothing to do with the truth of the case before the commission, and which, therefore, would be popularly looked upon as "his own tales"—tales of his own, lies and libels, trumped up to damage the cause of the accused.

SECTION 15.—The next argument is as follows: In the

series of historical plays from Richard II. to Henry VIII. and the birth of Elizabeth, we have one break; namely, the period of Henry VII. This indicates the authorship of Bacon, for he had already filled that gap by his prose history of Henry VII.

But this argument proves too much and therefore nothing, for in 1604 the play of "Henry the Eighth" was printed, and afterwards in the folio of 1623; and notwithstanding that in this case "the gap was filled" by the PLAY, Bacon had in 1623 collected materials for his prose history of Henry the Eighth, and had already written the opening paragraphs of that work which, he states, it is his desire to finish if he be left to works of contemplation (See Letter to the King, November, 1622). The Shakespeare plays and Bacon's works have no relations or connection with each other.

SECTION 16, on "Troilus and Cressida" (1609). — The arguments suggested for Bacon are inferences easily answered:—

1. It is said the author was indifferent to pecuniary reward. That may be. Judge Holmes, speaking of Shakespeare at that period (1604), says, "He had now acquired a brilliant reputation and an ample fortune."

2. "He was not a member of the theatrical profession" (Brief). But the play was evidently written by an actor; notably, the long passage in Act i., sc. 3, beginning "And, like a strutting player."

3. "The writer was of high social rank." This cannot be inferred from a play which exposes the falsehood, meanness, and moral corruption of courts and persons of high social rank.

SECTION 17. — Here the reasoning is somewhat confused. The argument would seem to be that the publication of the plays with Shakespeare's name is no proof of his authorship, for (i.) Shakespeare was a *nom de plume* with the dramatic wits of his time; and (ii.) Shakespeare was ready to adopt as his own any child of the drama laid upon his doorstep; (iii.) Greene speaks of him as a "crow beautified with our feathers."

I reply: Greene's malignant phrase is nothing to the point; it charged Shakespeare with a totally different thing; namely, that in his acknowledged plays he borrowed ornaments from others. As for the first two assertions, they are

reckless and made without a particle of evidence. Nay, we happen to know to the reverse—that, when Thomas Heywood complained that Jaggard, the publisher, carelessly inserted two epistles of his in an edition of the “*Passionate Pilgrim*,” that author added in justice to Shakespeare:—

“But as I acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author I know much offended with M. Jaggard that altogether unknown to him presumed to make so bold with his name.”—Heywood’s *Apology for Actors*.

SECTION 18.—In respect to the folio of 1623, the brief asks, “Who prepared it for the press?”

All the plays in the folio had been represented on the stage in Shakespeare’s lifetime, and were thus well known to the patrons of the folio, the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Montgomery. (See Dedication.) The editors were Shakespeare’s two friends, fellow-actors, long associated with his works and professional life. The editors had the original MSS., remarkable for “the beauty and neatness of the copy” (brief, p. 43).

At the time when the folio was in preparation for the press, Bacon was in no mood “to roll apples of discord down the ages” (brief, p. 53). He writes to Buckingham, “I am now full three years old in misery,” and to the king, “*Det vestra Majestas obolum Belisario*”; finally to the prince after the date of Oct. 22, 1623, perhaps on the very date of the publication of the folio, which was the 8th of November:—

“For Henry the Eighth (his prose history), to deal truly with your Highness, I did so despair of my health this summer, as I was glad to choose some such work as I might compass within days; so far was I from entering into a work of length.”—*Spedding*, Vol. VI., p. 267.)

SECTION 19.—We are now told that other mysteries cluster around this edition:—

(i.) It is easy to assert that Hemings and Condell were incompetent for the work of editors, but this is refuted by the facts I have noted under the preceding head.

(ii.) It is urged that in the dedication the editors describe the plays as trifles with “suspicious infelicity,” and then that they make use of Pliny “with consummate literary skill.” The point of the argument here, I must confess, is to me a mystery.

(iii.) If the editors are to be assumed incapable of the style of the dedication, they had the co-operation of Ben Jonson, of whom Mr. Halliwell Phillipps says:—

“Nor in our measure of gratitude for the first folio, the greatest literary treasure the world possesses, should we neglect to include a tribute to Ben Jonson. The loving interest taken by that distinguished writer in the publication is evinced, not only by his matchless eulogy of the great dramatist, but also by the charming lines in which he vouches for his friend’s likeness in the engraved portrait, which forms so conspicuous an object in the title-page.”—*Outlines*, Vol. I., p. 296.

(iv.) It is said “Ben Jonson’s contribution to the folio is clearly susceptible of a double meaning.” The desperate trifling of such a statement has been already noticed.

(v.) The brief asserts, “On the subject of Shakespeare’s art, Jonson’s mind was apparently in a state of hopeless confusion.”

Jonson is an unanswerable witness against the Baconians; it is not wonderful that the attempt is made to depreciate his judgment. It is easy to talk flippantly of a great dramatist, scholar, and critic—as easy as it is to call him “Rare Old Ben”; but the confusion is in the brief, not in Jonson. That, I will undertake to show.

Speaking of Shakespeare, Jonson uses the word “art” in two different senses; viz., art, as distinguished from natural talents, and art, as a particular form of art according to the Aristotelian law of the drama. In the first sense he uses the word in the eulogy in the folio:—

“Yet must I not give Nature all: thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part;
For tho’ the poet’s matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion, and that he
Who casts a living line must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the muse’s anvil, turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet’s made, as well as born:
And such wert thou.”

The art here described is the acquired, cultured, and laborious art of poetic phraseology and versification; and art in this sense Jonson ascribes to Shakespeare in the highest degree.

In his “Conversations with Drummond” Jonson uses the

word to signify art in the particular law or form of it set forth by Aristotle in the "Poetic"; that is to say, the art of weaving the plot according to the rule of dramatic unity. This is the art which Jonson denies to Shakespeare. As examples of the justness of this criticism, we may take "Pericles" or even "Hamlet." The former has merely the epic unity, which Aristotle distinguishes from the dramatic. "Hamlet" even depends upon the unity of idiosyncrasy, or a moral unity, which is epic, not strictly dramatic from the Aristotelian standpoint. That this was Jonson's meaning will appear from another passage in those *conversations* with Drummond. He says (clviii.):—

"Horace did so highly esteem Terence's Comedies, as he ascribes the art in comedy to him alone among the Latins and joins him with Menander. Now let us see what may be said for either, to defend Horace's judgment to posterity, nor wholly to condemn Plautus."

Thereupon he proceeds to say that the parts of a comedy are the same with those of tragedy, and so he expounds at some length dramatic doctrines founded upon Aristotle's "Poetic."

The judgment of Horace, cited by Jonson, occurs in the "Second Book of the Epistles," i., 59 (*Vincere . . . Terentius arte*), and is thus interpreted by Bishop Hurd *in loc*:—

"The word (*arte*) is of large and general import and may admit of various senses, but being here applied to a *dramatic* writer, it most naturally and properly denotes the peculiar art of his profession; that is, the artificial contexture of the plot."

Now it was precisely this Aristotelian art of the strict dramatic unity in the contexture of the plot which Ben Jonson denies to Shakespeare, and which Bacon as a scholar, had he written plays, would never have violated. The remark of Jonson is sufficient in itself to show that Bacon had no hand in the plays.

SECTION 20.—The next contention is that two of the plays, viz., "Henry VIII." and "Timon," bear upon them marks of the personal history of Bacon, of his reverses and fall, and, therefore, they prove his authorship of the plays. This fanciful notion is refuted by the history and dates of the plays.

"Henry VIII." was written, according to some, before the death of Elizabeth; according to Dyce and others, after the accession of James; from the registers of the Stationers'

Company Collier concludes, with tolerable certainty, that this play was written in the winter of 1603-4.

Malone, Dyce, and others place the probable date of "Timon," 1610. From the dedication in the folio, it is certain that these two plays, with the rest, had been acted in the lifetime of Shakespeare; it is therefore certain that the dates of their authorship must have been before the year 1616, when Shakespeare died.

These dates, of course, put the conjecture of the brief out of court. The period from 1603 to 1621 was that of Bacon's greatness and prosperity. It was not until the May of 1621 that he resigned the great seal and experienced his disgrace and fall.

The brief concludes this chapter with some subsidiary arguments.

The silence as to the plays of Sir Walter Raleigh and some other eminent men affects neither side of the case. As to the silence of Bacon, so far, at all events, we see that he made no claim. Had he mentioned the plays, either in praise or in criticism, the brief would have given us as good an argument as now from his silence; his praise would be natural, as of his own works; his criticism would be still more convincing as a blind, for thus it was Sir Walter Scott reviewed his own novels in the *Quarterly*.

As to the silence of some eminent men of the age, the brief adds, "Imagine the inhabitants of Lilliput paying no attention to Gulliver." This is very poor logic. The question is not, "whether Gulliver existed," but "Who is Gulliver?" The question proposed by the brief is not, whether any plays were written and whether any one wrote them, but "Who wrote the plays?"

If the "Liliputians paid no attention," so much the worse for the Liliputians. But it was not so. It was not, indeed, within the purpose of some great writers referred to to notice the drama, and many great names are left by them unnoticed. But it is also the fact that we have ample historical evidences and a great array of contemporary writers bearing witness, as well to the merits of the plays as to the authorship, the reputation, and the identity of Shakespeare.

The brief tells us that ours is an age of disillusion, and that we are to treat Shakespeare like the dog Gelert and other symbolical dogs. But not a few of our new disillusion-

sions impose a heavier tax than ever upon credulity. In this age literary originality does not abound. But we strive after it, and some of us think we have achieved it when, in a lucky moment, we have hit upon a crotchet or chance on a paradox — it may be the rehabilitation of Pontius Pilate or the dismemberment of Moses. But the great identities and personalities of the past still remain for the most part with their features undefaced, as the history of their own times sculptured them and bequeathed them to ours. Above all, the statues of genius, the veneration of centuries, which line the corridors of time, abide on their pedestals unbroken.

William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon are the two greatest names of our literature. Of the Elizabethan age itself, they were the bright particular stars, each illuminating his own region of the sky.

William Shakespeare will never be dethroned. Men and women of his race, whether of England or America, will continue to contemplate that memory with hereditary pride, and still, in generations to come, will make pilgrimage to the poet's birthplace, his home, and his grave by the Avon, so long as the great works which bear his name are the treasure of both our peoples.

IMPORTANT EXPLANATORY NOTE.—Advance copies of the Baconian briefs were sent to the English counsels for Shakespeare, to enable them to prepare their arguments in season for prompt appearance in THE ARENA. Subsequently the counsel for the plaintiff condensed his brief, omitting Section 14 and a portion of Section 19 from his discussion. Therefore Dr. Nicholson's arguments under Section 14 and under [V.] Section 19 are not strictly speaking admissible, and in a court of law would be ruled out. Nevertheless, since the arguments in the general discussion of the case have been brought forward, we deemed it best to retain them, even though they be ruled out of evidence in the finding of the jury. [Ed. of ARENA.]

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT.

JESUS CHRIST gave to those who believed in him directions how to settle their quarrels. First, he said, talk it over together and see if you cannot agree; if you cannot, then submit the question to a committee of conference; if that fails, submit the question to the church, and if the opposing party will not pay any attention to the church, then let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican; that is, have nothing more to do with him.* Translated into the terms of modern society, and applied to the industrial situation, the equivalent of this counsel would be, try first a conference, then a committee of conciliation, then a court of arbitration; when all these have failed, it will be time enough for a strike or a lockout.

Where voluntary arbitration has been fairly tried, it has accomplished all that its advocates have claimed for it.

“Since the establishment of these boards in the north of England in 1869, and in the Midlands in 1872, there has been nothing whatever in the nature of a strike in the former district, and only one strike in the latter, and even that one was too insignificant to deserve the name; for, as Mr. Hingley explained it, it was only a small, discontented section of the men who repudiated one of the awards of the board of conciliation, but finding themselves strongly condemned by the rest of the trade, eventually gave way. Strikes, and even the very disposition to strike, seem to be thoroughly stamped out in this industry. Mr. Trow speaks of them as if they were matters of settled impossibility. ‘We cannot have a strike in our district; our rules do not allow of it.’ And he says in another place: ‘If you will search the pages of history you will not be able to find in those pages any parallel case where any system adopted has been of so much advantage to the workmen, to the employers, and the trade of the district as arbitration has been to our workmen in the

* Matthew xviii. 15-17.

north of England.' Mr. Ancott describes their former state as one of incessant antagonism between master and men, the peace of the district being constantly broken and impaired by ill-considered action on the part of a few employers who would not treat with their work people; 'but now,' he said, 'we have got rid of all that.' Mr. Hingley was not less emphatic on the part of the employers in his testimony to the same purport. Asked whether employers could now carry on their industry without fear of interruption and danger of strikes, he said, 'Yes, we have ceased to fear anything of the kind.'"

I shall assume that voluntary arbitration is better than industrial war. The only question to be considered here is whether arbitration may be compelled. Probably, in view of past events, even Mr. Frick and Mr. Donnelly would admit that it would have been better, more rational, more humane, more Christian, to have submitted the question at issue between the Carnegie mills and the Amalgamated Association of Iron Workers to an impartial and fair-minded tribunal, and accepted the decision, whatever it was, than to have involved the loss of life and property which the war at Homestead involved. But would it have been better for the state of Pennsylvania to have compelled such a submission? or was it better for the state of Pennsylvania to say "No violence, gentlemen; but as long as you abstain from violence, you may fight this out for yourselves"?

The objection is sometimes made that compulsory arbitration is a contradiction in terms. Very well! Time spent in debating about definitions is wasted. Call it compulsory lawsuit. The question is the same: Shall industrial questions between great corporations and their employees be left to be settled by a trial of strength between the two, or shall the state intervene and try the question, and *compel* both parties to accept the result? I have no hesitation in maintaining the latter alternative.

There is nothing new in the principle; it is only a new application of an old and well-settled principle. If two boys get into a quarrel about a piece of property, they fight it out; the other boys form a ring to see fair play; the partisans of each, egg their favorite on with shouts and cries; and the stronger fellow proves his right by pommelling his

* John Rae, in the *Contemporary Review* for September, 1892.

antagonist. We do not any longer permit this method of settling disputes among men. Even duelling, the most respectable form of this method of settling disputes, is no longer allowed in civilized communities. The state compels the contestants to submit their questions to a court, unless they can decide them peaceably between themselves; compels them to abide by the decisions of the court; and if necessary it sends a sheriff to take the property from the one man and give it to the other. In Europe if two states get into a quarrel about a piece of property, they fight it out boy fashion, and one takes Alsace and Lorraine, and the other goes into training for another fight to get the property back again. In this country this is not permitted. If two states get into a quarrel the question at issue is referred to the nation, as represented in the Supreme Court of the United States, and the decision, whatever it may be, must be accepted by the defeated party. The whole power of the nation is pledged to the enforcement of the decision. But if the Carnegie Works and their employees get into a dispute about hours of labor, rate of wages, or terms of employment, we leave them to the boys' method of settling the controversy: we stand idly by while each arms for a bloody battle; we allow the workingmen to constitute a volunteer militia, and the corporation to import mercenaries from abroad; and we interfere only when the war actually breaks out. The remedy for such a tragedy as that at Homestead is so absolutely simple, it is so clearly taught by the methods of modern civilization in other controversies, that it is amazing that the disinterested public should question what the remedy is. It is easy to understand why capitalists should object to compulsory arbitration; they may naturally prefer to be free from even the legitimate restraint of the state. It is possible to conceive that laborers may be afraid of compulsory arbitration lest the courts should be controlled by their wealthy employers. But the public!—have the public no rights? Are the public bound to stand idly-by while the dreadful war is fought out to its final issue? It is said that the recent strike at Buffalo cost the state of New York thirty thousand dollars a day, to say nothing of the cost to the volunteer militiamen who were taken from their private business to keep the peace while President McLeod and his employees settled their quarrel. During the great strike on the Quincy

and Burlington Railroad, scores of towns were left without their usual means of transportation, and the inconvenience and loss inflicted upon the people of Iowa and Illinois was beyond all calculation. And still there are men who imagine that the state is helpless, and that we can do nothing but follow the example of the boys: form a ring and egg on our respective favorites — now the capitalist, now the laborer — by our newspaper cries, till the fight is over and business is resumed.

Compulsory arbitration is simply the application to the settlement of industrial controversies of the same essential principle which is throughout the civilized world, and by all civilized states, employed for the settlement of other controversies. It devolves upon those who do not believe that this principle can be so applied to show why it is inapplicable.

They have attempted to do this. It is said in the first place in general terms, that there are serious objections to compulsory arbitration. Of course there are. There are serious objections to any plan proposed for securing peace in a community, the individual members of which are covetous, selfish, passionate, ambitious. All such plans are in the nature of makeshifts. They are lesser evils endured to escape greater evils. We pay annually enormous sums in support of judicial and police systems which would be rendered quite unnecessary if all men lived according to the Golden Rule; but they do not, and we endure the taxation rather than suffer the injustice which anarchism would permit. No one, probably, supposes that compulsory arbitration is a specific for labor troubles. The question is not, Are there difficulties involved in compulsory arbitration? but, Would those difficulties be greater than those involved in a system which keeps labor and capital always alternating between open battle and an armed truce, and which in one half year has inflicted on the two great states of Pennsylvania and New York the two great labor wars at Homestead and Buffalo. There is no radical cure for labor troubles but character transformed and conduct controlled by Christian principles. Meanwhile compulsory arbitration is a device to protect the innocent from the injuries inflicted upon them by those whose character and conduct are not controlled by Christian principles, nor even by those of Moses or Confucius, but by the devil's maxim, "Every man for himself."

We are asked how we would enforce compulsory arbitration. In the case of corporations the answer is very easy; and the principle should be applied at first only to corporations, and perhaps only to certain classes of corporations—as to railroads and mining corporations, or possibly to those employing more than a certain definite number of employees, say fifty or a hundred. The corporation is an artificial creature. The state has made it; the state can unmake. The only question for the state to consider is, Does the creation of this artificial creature help or harm the community? and if it harms, what limitation upon its power will prevent the harm? The state which has given it the power to inflict the injury has a right—and a duty—to so limit the power that no injury will be inflicted. The state, then, may say to the corporation, If you wish to exist, if you wish the peculiar privileges and prerogatives which a charter confers upon you, you must consent, if any question comes between you and your workmen, to do, not what you think is right, but what we think is right. If you do not care to take a charter on these terms you can relinquish it. Only on these terms will we give you a charter; only on these terms will we allow a corporate existence.


"This is very well," replies the objector, "as a means of enforcing the decree of the court on the corporation, but how will you enforce it on the laborer? Will you require him to work for less wages or during more hours than he approves? To do this is to establish slavery." No; we do not propose to establish slavery; we do not propose to compel any man to work under any other compulsion than such as is involved in the law, "If a man will not work neither shall he eat." And no other compulsion would be required. Whenever the law provides no remedy for a wrong, the wronged take the law into their own hands. The law makes no adequate provision for punishing the seducer. The husband or friend, therefore, shoots the seducer at sight; and the juries habitually acquit in such cases, not because the avenger is insane, but because the law is inane. Now the American workman is without a remedy for wrongs which he thinks exist—and which an increasing number of disinterested spectators also think exist. He is one of a thousand employees in a factory. He has saved a little money and put it into a mortgaged home. His employer proposes to reduce his wages

ten cents a day. It means apparently no great loss to him; but it means a gain to his employer of one hundred dollars a day, that is, thirty thousand dollars a year. If the laborer refuses to accept the reduction he must leave his home, sell it at a sacrifice, and seek employment elsewhere. His risk is great. His employer's risk is nothing, for at the worst the laborer's place can be filled by another hand at the same rate. The wages seem to the workingman small, in comparison with his employer's profits. He has voted for protection because he has been told that protection will raise his wages, but it seems to him that all the profits of this taxation are going into the employer's pocket, none into his own. Whether he is right or wrong in these beliefs it is not here important to determine; he is sincere in them. And the law affords him no protection whatever from these wrongs—real or imagined. He does the only thing he can do: combines with his fellowmen to make the inconvenience to his employer of a falling out as nearly as possible equivalent to the disaster to himself. And then when his employer attempts to destroy this combination or to make it impossible, he fights—often wildly and lawlessly—to maintain it, because it is his only protection against the absolutism of capital. The way to prevent such lawless fighting is to give the workingman some lawful protection. It is perfectly safe to say that if the Amalgamated Association of Iron Workers could have compelled the Carnegie Works to submit the questions at issue between them to a disinterested tribunal, the association would not have threatened a strike, and the Carnegie Works could not have resorted to a lockout; and even if it were true that all labor leaders are demagogues,—a convenient generalization which I disbelieve,—the demagogue could not excite the men to a strike if the law offered them a peaceful remedy. If the brakemen at Buffalo could have summoned President McLeod into court to hear and answer their complaints, and compelled him to submit to a judicial decree, does any one imagine they would have left the experiment untried, and resorted to revolution instead?

Such a method, it is said, would drive capital from the community which enforced it to those in which capital is free. I do not believe this to be true. We were told that putting railroads under an interstate railroad commission would cripple the roads; but they are not crippled, and have even

invoked the aid of that commission to protect themselves from cut-throat combination. But if it were true, the loss would be more than counterbalanced by the gain. It is better to make less money, and to make it by just and honorable dealing. The existence of a great steel industry is dearly paid for when it costs what Homestead has cost the community during the last year.

I advocate compulsory arbitration, then, first, in the case of all railroad corporations as custodians of the highways of the nation; second, in the case of all mining corporations — the oil wells would be included — as possessing natural monopolies; third, in the case of all corporations employing large bodies of men as possessing peculiar privileges, and therefore amenable to peculiar regulations and restrictions. I advocate compulsory arbitration — may I add that I have been advocating it for at least ten years by voice and pen — because it is a necessity in order to afford legal redress for possible wrongs for which the law now provides no redress; because it is necessary to protect the community from injuries inflicted by the present no-system of *laissez-faire*; because it is in substantial accord with the methods adopted by all civilized countries for the settlement of their disputes; because it is our own national method for the settlement of disputes between the states; because what little light experience throws upon the subject is altogether favorable to this new application of this familiar principle; and because it is in general harmony with the method which Jesus Christ has recommended to his followers for the settlement of all disputes, whoever the parties and whatever the subject matter of the controversy.



OCCULTISM IN PARIS.

— BY NAPOLEON NEY.*

THERE exists in Paris an unexplored world, which is all the more important because it is hidden — a world which is difficult to recognize because it is secret. Far from seeking daylight and publicity, it purposely remains in shadow and mystery, surrounding itself with secret practices and silent adepts. This world is that of Hermetism, the world of the marvellous, which, at the close of the nineteenth century, in the midst of our age of scepticism, plays a part the importance of which surpasses anything that can be imagined.

Illustrious scholars worthy of respect and confidence have made in all countries the most conclusive experiments upon the vibratory state of matter. One can now, without being considered a fool, crazy, or impious, interest himself in the rational study of certain phenomena, which only yesterday would have passed for the vagaries of a disordered mind, and which to-morrow will be demonstrated as scientific truths.

May not the sacred art of the ancients, cultivated in the sanctuaries of the priests of Thebes and Memphis, the alchemy of the Middle Ages, long derided by the ignorant, have been the precursor of modern chemistry?

Airiation, that is to say, the conquest of the air by man, is, at the close of this century, seriously studied by the Ades, the Maxims, and in France by that man of genius, Colonel Raymond Henry, who seems to have found the definite solution of that important question.

Human magnetism, with its psychic consequences, the curious effects of hypnotism, magnets, human polarity, etc., have all been scientifically studied. Even the "reserved questions"—apparitions, phantoms, double personality, materialization of spectres, etc.—have not ceased to belong to the domain of the marvellous while entering little by little into that of scientific observation and pure reason.

The lovers of the marvellous in Paris are counted by

*Translated from the author's manuscript by Mrs. Rose Harrington.

thousands. They bear different names according to the groups or schools to which they belong. They constitute the adepts of the occult, and their theories make proselytes continually, recruited from the ranks of the higher classes of society.

There is a veritable fermentation in the young Parisian brain which does not escape the intelligent mind. Enlightened people no longer deny it.

In a recent discourse the young and brilliant academician the Vicomte de Vogüé said to the students of France: "You have only to look about you to see that the world is in travail with new ideas and forms. A sound from the nether world increases and covers all other sounds—cries of revolt and cries of pity; these tell of the pangs of childbirth."

The world of the marvellous in Paris is one of the crucibles where the new cry is silently elaborated. Paris is the most active centre of the old world. We live in the midst of the occult. It is everywhere. We do not see it, but it encompasses and penetrates us, though we know it not.

II.

This is the story of how I came to know the occult in Paris, how I became associated in the movement. how I became an adept:—

A few years since I was dining in the house of a friend, at the side of a very elegant young woman, whose husband was well known in the industrial world, his factory being situated in the environs of Paris. After having exhausted the hackneyed topics of current conversation with my pretty neighbor, the talk turned, I do not know how, upon more serious subjects.

The name of M. Le Play was pronounced. To my great surprise Madame X. was quite familiar with the works of the author of the "Paix Sociale," and other works which he left behind him. I was surprised, in truth, to find a pretty woman so well informed; but she, smiling and showing her fine teeth, told me that M. Le Play had, in spite of his science, considered but one side of the question.

What superior results this great thinker might have obtained had he applied his great intelligence and judicious criticisms to occult science, which gives the best solutions to

these important problems, and by the aid of which surprising results are obtained!

My curiosity was excited, and I pressed the lady with new questions. She cut me short, saying: "If this subject really interests you, talk to my husband about it after dinner." Then returning to the general conversation, my pretty neighbor gave her opinion of Sarah Bernhardt's recent marriage, the details of which were then the talk of Paris.

In the smoking-room, I repeated to M. X. his wife's words. With great good nature he furnished me information which was listened to by those who took part in our conversation. I learned some very surprising facts: that Paris — our Paris — careless, and sceptical, is the centre of a movement of philosophical renovation, of abstract study, the importance of which we little suspect.

Paris is the focus of an occult agitation participated in by thousands of adepts, belonging principally to the intellectual classes. They are in relation with the occult sympathizers scattered over the whole earth, whose numbers pass beyond the millions, without distinction of religion or race, and all pursuing the same end, that of a high philosophy. The adherents, the adepts, the initiated, the "magi," as they are called, according to their degree of instruction, form in Paris numerous sections, bearing different names, but having the same doctrines and tending to the same end.

These societies have special places of reunion. They have oral and written means of propaganda; journals, reviews, and lectures where the doctrines are taught, where is conferred the initiation to the different degrees. In their secret meetings, the adepts, cabalists, spiritualists, theosophists, produce phenomena which the ancients would have called prodigies or miracles.

Without speaking of the experiments of seeing at a distance, of suggestion during sleep and during the waking hours, of magnetic or hypnotic facts, which begin to be accepted by public opinion and official science, the initiated Parisian sees realized, in addition to the different spiritistic phenomena, the prodigies which until now have remained the appanage of the fakirs and science of India. All these things Dr. Giliér, the former assistant of the illustrious Pasteur, now residing in New York, has excellently named for France, "Occidental Fakirism."

Direct communications between adepts separated by great distances, the transportation of heavy objects through space, letters passing in a few moments from Moscow to Paris, flowers, covered with dew, produced in a closed room, the rapid germination of roots placed in earth in the presence of spectators, and which in less than an hour attain, under the influence of magnetic passes, their entire growth, producing fragrant flowers; levitation (suspension in the air without support); double personality; apparition and materialization of the astral body . . . these are the experiments which have been made many times in Paris, and which have, within a few months, been repeated in part by Monsieur Pelletier.

All these curious experiments are realized by the utilization alone of natural forces, of which as yet man has but little use, and which Colonel de Rochas, the learned director of the Polytechnic School in Paris, has so justly called the "undefined forces."

Dr. Crookes, a member of the Royal Society of London and correspondent of the French Institute, has obtained remarkable results related in a book called the "Psychic Force." He reports double personality in the case of Miss Florence Cook, a young, fair, plump woman, who materialized a slender, blonde phantom, who during several months appeared to Dr. Crookes and his friends in his chemical laboratory, near Miss Cook, who was sleeping.

The most determined efforts have been made to prevent cheating. Electric currents of high tension formed a closed circuit around the observers; balances, dynamometers, and photographic registering apparatus controlled the results. The phantom rose, walked, talked to the assistants, gave them her hand, related her past life, permitted herself to be photographed, etc. Dr. Giliér, in his book "Le Fakirism Occidental," reproduced the photographs taken in Dr. Crookes' laboratory. One of the proofs shows distinctly grouped Dr. Crookes, Miss Cook, the medium, asleep, and between them the materialized phantom form standing and awake.

III.

I shall relate, in support of these still undefined forces of nature, an anecdote, which I reproduce here in spite of, or

perhaps because of, its strangeness, as I heard it from the hero himself.

A consul of France, starting for India and being temporarily in London, was presented to one of the principal dignitaries of the Theosophical Society of Adyar, India. During a rather long interview, the high dignitary explained the doctrines of the Theosophical Society, made him acquainted with the very important results already acquired, spoke of the occult powers to which their common studies conducted, and ended by asking our compatriot to join them. Monsieur le Consul Y., sceptic by temperament and as incredulous as Thomas, was greatly interested in what he had just heard. He approved cordially of the avowed object of the Theosophical Society (union and charity), but as to occult power he declared clearly that he did not believe in it. It was all legerdemain, lying, illusion, hallucination . . . there was nothing real in it. The representative of the Theosophical Society promised him that the day should not pass without bringing him a satisfactory proof.

Two hours later, having returned to his hotel, the consul, who is my friend, wrote in his room with closed doors a few last letters, as his departure was fixed for the morrow. Suddenly there appeared before him (as he expressed it) a Hindu, dressed as a Brahmin. After saluting my friend by name, the unknown said to him in English, which he spoke with a foreign accent, that he had come from — (a large city in India), to convince Monsieur Y. of the occult powers possessed by the members of the Theosophical Society.

"Just now," continued he, "I am at —, and have come to you in my astral body materialized to salute a brother of to-morrow. You doubtless think yourself the victim of an hallucination or of some outside suggestion. Not at all! My presence is real; here is the proof of it."

Taking from about his throat a necklace of sandal-wood beads, he threw them upon the table.

"Keep them until you arrive at your destination; you will find me waiting at the point of debarkation, and you can then return my necklace. Do you still doubt?"

My friend, much surprised by what he had seen, replied that in case this proved to be true, he would believe.

The sandal-wood necklace lay upon the table, and exhaled

a strong, penetrating odor. The consul examined it carefully, holding it in his hands. He was obliged to yield to the evidence. Some one had really brought the necklace to his room, for it was not there a few moments previous.

My friend noted carefully the story of this mysterious visit, and showed it to me later written in its place. He placed the sandal-wood necklace in his valise, and embarked next day. He was very anxious to know the sequel to this singular affair, and as he approached his destination directed his glass toward the shore. Among those waiting he saw the Brahmin who had visited him, dressed in the same costume, and who, as soon as he set foot on shore, approached him and humbly requested the return of his necklace. Since that time Y. has been one of the most fervent adepts of the Theosophical Society.

To those who doubt the authenticity of this story, I would say that it was related to me later and supported by proofs during one of my friend's leaves of absence in France.

Let us return to my "dinner of initiation," if I may call it so, and to its consequences.

"Occult study," said my interlocutor, observing my earnest attention, "is at first very arduous. Many turn quickly from it. Have you strength to persist? Probably not!"—

I protested.

"As you desire it," added Monsieur X., "I will send you one of our reviews."

A few days later I received a pamphlet bearing the name "Revue Philosophique Independente des Hautes Etudes." This review treated of hypnotism, theosophy, kabbala, freemasonry.

The divisions of the review were as follows: Initiative part, philosophical and scientific part, and literary part, all well arranged and some of merit and real interest.

Eight days later I received a convocation for the next "open meeting" of the Independent Group for Esoteric Study. I went to this meeting and to the following ones, and was soon admitted to the closed meetings. I attended assiduously a series of lectures upon theosophy, occultism, and magnetism. Little by little I perfected my knowledge and penetrated farther into the different cenacles where occult instruction was given.

IV.

The Independent Group for Esoteric Study, formed by adherent societies, either affiliated or represented, is the centre of the most important occult movement in Paris.

The following are the names of some societies which are inscribed at headquarters: The Spiritualists' Society of Paris, the Magnetic Society of France, the Psychic-magnetic Society, the Sphinx, the Occult Fraternity, the True Cross, the Martinist Initiation Groups, the Masonic Groups for Initiatory Studies, etc. All these societies have their headquarters in Paris. We do not mention here the societies of the provinces and in foreign countries, which may be counted by the hundreds.

The Independent Group for Esoteric Study has a fourfold object. It makes known the principal data of occult science in all its branches. It instructs members, who are then ready to become martinists, masons, theosophs, etc. It establishes lectures upon all branches of occultism, and finally it investigates the phenomena of spiritism, of magnetism, and of magic, lighted only by the torch of pure science.

The meetings of the groups were first held in the Soumée Passage. Since the beginning of the present year they have been held in the Rue de Trévisé, in private quarters. Here are both open and closed meetings. The latter are reserved for the initiated alone, and are accompanied by psychic and spiritistic experiments, with ecstatic and mediumistic phenomena.

On some days I have seen there more than one hundred and fifty auditors. They are composed principally of literary people and students from the schools of higher learning.

Many cultured women from the upper world of Paris, elegantly attired, attend without any eccentricity of dress or person. The members of an embassy from the north of Europe attend the closed lectures of the Independent Group regularly.

The late Honorable Lord Lytton, when living in Paris as English ambassador, came frequently to the Rue de Trévisé.

The open sessions, where one is admitted upon the presentation of a personal card, are devoted to lectures of a general character. They are sometimes accompanied by experiments in materialization and hypnotics. On these days the hall in

the Rue Trévisé is too small to contain the auditors. At the last *séance* more than four hundred persons were unable to gain admittance. The group is now looking for larger quarters.

Esoterism, or the study of occult science, is spreading step by step in Paris. It penetrates by infiltration into all quarters, without noise or violence, but with slow certainty, by continuous absorption.

By the side of the Jewish rabbies, Protestant pastors and Catholic monks and priests are becoming propagators of occult instruction. The *Rue Croix* affords refuge to more than one Romish abbé in its mystic fraternity. One of them, in fact, a doctor in the Sorbonne and a celebrated preacher, is known under the pseudonym of Alta among the members of the Supreme Council of Twelve, called the "Superior Unknown," of the Theosophical Society, of which the seat is in Paris.

Outside the schools of occultism there exist two heterodox groups of the marvellous, contemporary in Paris — spiritists and magnetizers. Both are respectable seekers after truth, but they are experimenters before everything else.

The two schools, psychic and fluidic, have each their methods, which do not accord. Both have caught glimpses of the Hermetic doctrine of a universal fluid. The fluidists are the oldest, dating from Mesmer to Dupotet, passing by the way Deslon, Delange, Puységur, etc. The psychics with Allan-Kardec and his disciples have been grouped scarcely fifty years.

What characterizes the occult movement in Paris in 1892, at the close of the nineteenth century, is neither the special sect nor specific rites embodying still unexplained phenomena. . . .

The multiplicity of investigations in our age of extreme criticism have given new and original solutions to questions of history, science, religion, and the origin of things. They are not yet accepted by science; to-morrow they will constitute official instruction. . . when we shall have lifted the sombre veil which hides our origin.

Thus having followed with complete loyalty and entire impartiality the occult movement, putting aside completely the instruction received in the schools, I am ready to say with the great philosopher, Montaigne, "What do I know?"

WHY THE WORLD'S FAIR SHOULD BE OPENED ON SUNDAY.

BY BISHOP J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

THERE ought not to be a difference of opinion among enlightened men as to whether it is right to keep the gates of the Columbian Exposition open to the public on Sundays. The Sabbath, as understood by the founder of the Christian religion, is not an end, but a means; and the rules for its observance must find their justification in principles of reason and humanity.* In affirming that the Sabbath is merely a means for the furtherance of human welfare, our Lord simply made a special application of the larger truth that law is not an end, but a means, for the realization of the perfect life, which consists in the love of God and man. So averse was He to the rabbinical view of the Sabbath, that He did not hesitate to scandalize the Pharisees by ignoring their irrational Sabbatarian rules, and His followers soon ceased to observe the seventh day at all. St. Paul distinctly affirms that the Jewish Sabbath is not binding on Christians, and those who continued to observe it were at length condemned by the Council of Laodicea, in the year 363. Henceforth Christians altogether neglected the Sabbath, and kept holy the first day of the week, the day on which the Lord rose from the dead. The Lord's Day was the symbol of victory, of joy, peace, and gladness, on which thoughts or practices suggestive of gloom and mortification were wholly out of place. Ignatius Martyr, one of the earliest Christian writers, says: "Let every friend of Christ keep the Lord's Day as a festival — the resurrection day, the queen and chief of all days." It is, first of all, a day of worship and spiritual culture. The Christian worship is a hymn of triumph; the temple is filled with glory; the altar gleams and glitters; the aisles are flooded with music; the light is strained through windows as rich as the colors of the setting sun; and the preacher's voice thrills with words of life and immortality, with thoughts of love and heavenly bliss. Opportunity for the cultivation of the higher faculties is given, inasmuch as all men are bidden to rest on the Lord's

Day from their usual labors. The essence of the observance of the Sunday consists in these two things: in worship and in rest from servile work. To ask men to remain all day long in church would be absurd. What, then, when they have worshipped for an hour or two, are they to do for the rest of the day? Shall we ask them to return home to sit in melancholy silence in darkened rooms? This would also be absurd. The Puritan Sabbath, which was but a revival of the rabbinical Sabbath, against which our Lord protested, has passed away. It is neither possible nor desirable that it should be brought back. The whole tendency of Christian civilization is towards liberty, enlightenment, and delight in the play of the higher faculties. The efforts of the nobler and better sort of men are to substitute intellectual and moral pleasures in the place of animal indulgence. The highest man takes delight in the highest things. To find enjoyment in books rather than in the bottle, in works of art rather than in indecent exhibitions of mind and body, is to be in the way of true progress. None can live without some kind of pleasure, and the overburdened toilers of our commercial and manufacturing cities feel most intensely the need of diversion and recreation. Shall they, on the one day in the week on which the higher sort of pleasure is possible for them, be driven into the haunts of vice to seek a momentary forgetfulness of the bitterness of their lot? It is in the cities that our perplexing social problems must be solved. In them, in a little while, half of our population will be found. It is there that the contrast between the lot of the rich and that of the poor is most keenly felt; it is there that irreligion, socialism, and anarchy make most successful propaganda; it is there that the most alluring and most frequent appeals to the lower and animal instincts and passions are made. If we would save these, our brothers, from ruin and degradation, and save our country from the dangers which their depravation would involve, we must multiply the means of innocent and improving recreation; we must place within easy reach of the masses, parks, libraries, museums, collections of art, and whatever else may rouse the soul to an appreciation of what is good and true and beautiful. They are, many of them, already alienated from the churches, and the most religious among them cannot pass the whole day in worship. If the members of

the churches use all their influence to exclude the laboring masses on the only day in the week on which they are free, from innocent and elevating recreation, they will do them a wrong; they will injure religion; they will retard the progress of civilization. It is not simply right to keep the gates of the Exposition open on Sundays; it is wrong to close them, in the afternoon at least. In offering this unique opportunity for self-improvement to those who have no other free day than Sunday, the managers of the World's Fair will give good example to all the cities of the United States; they will teach them that while the Sunday is a day of worship, it is also a day on which the whole people should be invited to cultivate and improve themselves. Let those who boast of what they call the American Sunday learn to see things as they are, and they will recognize the growing tendency to desecrate the Lord's Day by making it a day of labor and dissipation. Let them unite to close the saloons and low places of amusement, to stop the running of freight trains and the working of factories on Sunday. As our Lord declared that man is more than the Sabbath, let those who believe in Him proclaim now that man is more than traffic and money, and that those who deprive laborers of their one day of rest in the week are the enemies of human welfare.

On the other hand, the true lovers of God and man will not be frightened by the clamors of the narrow-minded, who would make the Sunday a rabbinical Sabbath, for they understand that whatever elevates, ennobles, and enlarges human life is good; that we serve God when we strive to make man like unto Him in knowledge, in freedom, and in love. The opening of the gates of the World's Fair on Sunday will have no tendency to weaken the right and rational observance of the Lord's Day. On the contrary, the more the people come to appreciate the Sunday as a day of gladness and liberty, on which, while they renew and refresh their religious fervor, they also are permitted to nourish the mind, to exalt the imagination, and to cheer the heart by the contemplation of the beauties of nature and the study of the works of genius, the more will they prize and defend this inestimable boon; and the more grateful will they be to Christ Jesus, whose divine wisdom and boundless sympathy have made for them an ever-recurring day whereon they may rejoice and be strengthened and comforted.

EVICTIIONS IN NEW YORK'S TENEMENT HOUSES.

BY WILLIAM P. McLOUGHLIN.

WITH every winter comes the saddening appeal for assistance from the evicted Irish tenants that has now come to be regarded as inevitable owing to the conditions existing in that sorely tried country. Regularly the cable flashes to us the intelligence that the landlords are determined to have their pound of flesh, and that if money is not immediately contributed from the United States, the poor, homeless tenants must starve. In a recent editorial in the *New York Sun* on this subject these facts are stated:—

The gravity of the financial problem presented by the case of the evicted tenants is scarcely appreciated on this side of the Atlantic. The number of tenants who have been actually ejected from their holdings and who are now dependent upon charity for their support, is four thousand five hundred, and it must be remembered that each of these is the head of a considerable household. We understate the truth when we say that as a result of evictions already carried out, twenty-five thousand human beings are in want of bread and of a roof over their heads. Yet the suffering represented by these figures is insignificant compared with that which will be witnessed if the Tory landlords carry out their threat of making trouble for the Liberal government by the rigorous exaction of their legal rents. It is said that the number of eviction notices which have been served does not fall far short of thirty thousand. . . . Meanwhile, it is evident that the relief applicable to the present and prospective victims of eviction must depend mainly, if not wholly, upon private contributions, and it is on this account that the Irish Federation, in their lately published manifesto, appealed to Americans for sympathy and aid.

While all this sympathy is being stirred up for the unfortunate victims of landlord rapacity in Ireland, the ceaseless grind of the mill of the evictor goes right along in free, prosperous America. It is a saddening fact that in the great city of New York alone more than twice the number of evictions took place in 1891 in three of the judicial districts into which the city is divided, than occurred in all Ireland during

the same year. In 1890 the figures for New York were twenty-three thousand eight hundred and ninety-five evictions, while the grand total for Ireland was only a little in excess of five thousand! The total of thirty thousand eviction notices which have been served upon the Irish tenants this year, will probably never be executed, as this "pernicious activity" on the part of the landlords is but the fulfilment of a scheme to harass the victorious Liberal party in the course of legislation. But with us the evictor has no scheme of political import on foot; there is no plot to confuse or entangle any party or leader of men; evictions in New York City simply mean that there is in the heart of America's money centre a poverty as appalling, as hopeless, as degrading, as exists in any civilized community on earth. It means that the landlord in Ireland and his twin brother in the poorer districts of New York City are equally imbued with the rapacity in the pursuit of wealth that knows no gratification but the soothing sound created by the jingle of the gold.

In the page adjoining the one from which I have quoted in the *New York Sun*, a rather peculiar coincidence was noted. An illustrated article was printed treating of the eviction, in East Thirty-Sixth Street, of a poor old woman who, according to her own story, was "three years old the night of the big wind." That interesting event, which occupies a high position in the chronological knowledge of every Irish man and woman old enough to remember it, took place on Jan. 6, 1839, which would leave the subject of this quotation nearly fifty-seven years of age. Perhaps it would be as well to let the facts as told by the newspaper in question speak for themselves. Here they are:—

A broken cast-iron stove lies in the gutter in front of the tenement house at 332 East Thirty-Sixth Street. Around it are piled the remnants of a shattered bedstead, two tubs, three chairs, a roll of rag carpet, a rusty tin wash boiler, an old clock, a pine bench, a big old-fashioned bureau, and a cat. An old woman sat on the top of this pile of rubbish from six o'clock last Friday night until four o'clock on Saturday evening. Then she disappeared; but passers-by found her on top of the bureau early yesterday morning. She stayed there until twelve o'clock, when one of the tenants of a near-by house took her in. She is a wee mite of a woman, scarce four feet tall. Her form is bent, and her body is shrivelled. Her quaint, wizened face is wrinkled and worn. She sat all Saturday night on the roll of carpet with her head resting against the wash boiler. She wore a faded,

blue-check calico skirt and a gorgeous blue-worsted jacket. As the cold wind from the river rushed up the street, she huddled close to the wash boiler and shivered. Saturday morning found her there cold and trembling. She rocked to and fro mumbling to herself. The only food she had on Saturday was a cup of coffee sent out to her by Mrs. Lynan, who lives in the tenement facing the mass of rubbish. She refused to leave the pile of rubbish, saying it was all she had, and would be stolen, until the chill on Saturday night left her too weak to resist. She was taken into Mrs. Lynan's rooms and placed on a mattress, close to the stove. All night she tossed restlessly about, and at daybreak she went out again to the old bureau. At noon yesterday Mrs. Crane got her shelter. The old woman is known as Annie Goddy. She is very old, and has lived in the neighborhood of First Avenue and Thirty-Sixth Street for seventeen years. On May 1 she moved into 332 East Thirty-Sixth Street, and took two rooms on the first floor.

The old woman, however, was still sitting there on Monday afternoon—from six o'clock on the Friday before. She shivered in company with a lean and hungry black cat that nestled up to her; and in the eyes of the awe-stricken small boys and girls from the big, barracks-looking tenement houses that towered all around them, the pair of outcasts had a strange resemblance to the creatures described in the stories of witchcraft by which the children had often been terrified into slumber. One afternoon paper, in telling the story of unfortunate Mrs. Goddy, concluded its reference to her in these words: "People thereabout think it strange that some one does not look after her." Not so strange, dear writer; not at all surprising if you only remember the fact that in the very district from which Annie Goddy was thrown out upon the cobblestones to die, over four thousand evictions took place during the twelve months just passed. Of course there were not many cases attended with the same disheartening accompaniments as made Mrs. Goddy's eviction such a talked-of affair; but there was enough of human sorrow, of suffering, of crushed hopes, and of despair, for a bright or hopeful outlet into the future, to make the student of nature heave a sigh, and to cause earnest men engaged in the work of social and economic reform to brace themselves up to renewed energy to carry on the war.

In no city on earth is there such a woeful, more poverty-stricken, or more cheerless population than is gathered into the two judicial districts of New York City that are presided over by Civil Justices Alfred Steckler and Henry M. Gold-

fogle. In Justice Steckler's district the business of more than four hundred thousand people is transacted—and such people as they are! It is the most cosmopolitan and the most crowded region on earth. There are blocks of immense "double decker" tenement houses on every street of the great East Side. There are some cases in which there are blocks within blocks,—inside tenements or rear tenements, as they are called,—where the cheering rays of the sun never penetrate, and where the howl of the hungry wolf of poverty constantly menaces the dirty, semi-savage denizens who swarm in these human hives. According to Mr. Jacob Riis' interesting work, "How the Other Half Lives," "Three hundred and thirty thousand and over of human beings to the square mile is the record of this New York's East End. The worst record of that other East End in Old London scarce ever reached half that figure. It has to be; the rent could not be paid out of the sweaters' wages if it were not so." It has to be; the rent must be paid! Therefore men and women huddle together like rats in their holes, and all for what? In order to pay "Thirteen dollars a month for the flat on the sixth floor, with modern conveniences—a sink and a pump in the hallway. By day they crowd together—men, women, and children, a dozen in a room made to hold a couple. Father, mother, twelve children, and six boarders in this apartment of three rooms. . . . Thirteen in a room—lodgers, half of them at five cents a spot; asleep on bunks, on shelves, on the floor—anywhere, to be sheltered from the wind that finds its way through cracks and chinks with the only breath of God's fresh air that ever enters." It is in this district that with the year ending on Sept. 30, 1892, the enormous number of five thousand four hundred and fifty dispossession warrants were issued from Judge Steckler's court. These were distributed over the year as follows:—

October, 1891 . . .	400	April, 1892 . . .	500
November, 1891 . . .	500	May, 1892 . . .	400
December, 1891 . . .	450	June, 1892 . . .	500
January, 1892 . . .	450	July, 1892 . . .	450
February, 1892 . . .	400	August, 1892 . . .	450
March, 1892 . . .	500	September, 1892 . . .	450
Total, 5,450.			

Judge Steckler states that there has been an abnormal growth of evictions in his district in consequence of the recent

Among those six thousand one hundred dispossession warrants, or "sentences of death," as they have been called in Ireland, there were many cases of bitter destitution. There were also some painful evidences of the terrible greed of the landlords who charge the incredible rents they exact from the tenants in their stifling hovels. I was told of a woman in James Street who occupied a room for which she paid three dollars a month rent. She became ill, and owed her landlord one dollar and a half. He hastened to Justice Goldfogle and obtained a dispossession warrant. There was no other alternative for the justice. In the meantime the woman had applied to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction for relief. The Superintendent of Outdoor Poor ordered a half-ton of coal to be sent to her home. The woman was about to store away the coal when the landlord arrived with his warrant for the half-month's rent. "Here, you, where are you going with that coal?" he asked, as he blocked the woman's way. She replied that she was going to put it in the cellar locker. "Oh, no," he thundered, "you don't do any such thing. I have a warrant for your dispossession. Get out!" In vain the woman pleaded. He would not give her a day's grace. At last a happy thought struck her, and she asked, "Will you take the coal in payment for my rent?" He would, and he did, because the coal was worth two dollars and seventy-five cents, and he consequently gained one dollar and twenty-five cents on the transaction. So he removed the coal, and the woman was allowed to remain. As soon as the month was up, the rascally landlord got another warrant, and threw the poor creature into the street. In another instance a woman living in Ninth Street appeared in court to defend an ejectment suit. She was a picture of dreary, dismal poverty. Her clothes were tattered, her shoes were "out at the heel," her features bore that unmistakable evidence of hunger's ravages that cannot be concealed, and which is unhappily too often witnessed on Gotham's East Side. In her arms she carried a pinched-looking little baby. There were neither shoes nor stockings on its feet, and it was clad in the miserable habiliments that tell of deep, desperate penury. The couple looked as if they had been suddenly picked up by some genii on the barren hills of Donegal, and whisked through the air into the heart of New York. The landlord asked for a "dispossession warrant." He pressed his suit vig-

orously, in spite of the kind-hearted justice's appeal to his humanity. He would not listen to such sentimental rubbish as that when his business interests were involved. The facts were that this woman did not pay her rent, and he wanted to let the apartments to some one who would pay, and that was the long and short of it. The woman tearfully repeated the story that is so sadly frequent in these civil courts. Her husband was sick; she had not any means of earning a living, and all she wanted was a little time until "her man" would get well. The landlord would not allow the time. The justice turned upon him and gave him such a rating as made the spectators in the court applaud. Then he headed a subscription list; and in ten minutes Court Officer McLarney had collected twenty-six dollars, which he gave to the poor woman. She paid her rent, twelve dollars, and went away with blessings on her lips. It was the sight of a life to see that baby gorge itself in a little restaurant in the neighborhood, just as soon as its half-starved mother could purchase something to eat.

But there were hundreds of cases like these arising in the court every year, and it would be manifestly impossible to take up subscriptions for all of them. There were scores of them also in the Seventh Judicial District, which embraces another peculiar element of New York's varied population. It is in this district that the big tenement-house cigar factories thrive. All along First Avenue from Seventieth to Eightieth Streets, these hives of sad-eyed Hungarian toilers rear their cornices six and seven stories above the ground. The cigar manufacturers own these tenements, and it might safely be added that they own the tenants who are packed into them. That is why the public is shocked occasionally by the announcement that scores of these wretched tenement slaves are thrown out on the cobblestones because they will not accept a cut in wages, or because they dare to ask for anything like enough to pay them for their work. Last year the spectacle of *eighty of these hapless families living for a week on the sidewalks* was the feature of New York's civilization that made English visitors smile in derision and remark, as one of them did in the Brevoort House: "Well! Ireland is not so badly off under its English landlords after all. There an evicted tenant has a fund on which to draw, contributed by Americans. Here the evicted one has—the

workhouse!" There was no exaggeration of the facts in that statement. None of the tenement-house cigar-makers can shelter an evicted cigar-maker's family. If such a thing should be done, *out that offending Samaritan would go!*

In that district last year there were 3,800 dispossession warrants issued. They averaged about 320 a month. Though the region embraced by the Seventh takes in the "diamond back" localities of Fifth and Madison Avenues, it is pretty safe to say that none of the "dispossession warrants" found their way into the brown-stone mansions that line these handsome streets, but a good many of the "sentences of death" emanated from those plutocratic palaces. It was in Justice Clancy's court down in the Second District that a very sad case occurred. Business interests are fast crowding the tenements of the poor out of this region, but still there were 1,350 cases of eviction last year, and one of the most pathetic of these was that of a woman who gave birth to a baby the day after she was turned out of her home. In the thinly peopled First District there were 1,220 cases. In the Third there were 2,100; Sixth, 3,400; Eighth, 2,250; Ninth, 1,970; Tenth, 1,130; and Eleventh 950, making a grand total for the city for twelve months of 29,720, being 5,825 more than were issued for the year 1890, and 2,615 more than the figures for the previous year. This total of 29,720 cases would represent at the fair average of five to a family a great army of 148,600 human beings, outcasts to all intents and purposes, and this in a city where it is the boast of some of its residents that there are living within a radius of a comparatively few blocks on and near Fifth Avenue no less than two hundred millionnaires whose aggregate wealth reaches the astounding total of \$30,000,000,000! It is but the emphasis needed to prove that the warning truth of the doctrine of inverse ratios is correct when applied to humanity as found in New York City, for here, indeed, the rich are growing richer and the poor desperately poorer!

"What becomes of these people?" Dr. McGlynn asks that question, and answers it thus: "Where do all the pins go? They are broken up, ground down, lost in the general mass. The poor take in many of them, the asylums and institutions care for others." Ah, yes, good doctor, but how many continue to drift around on life's breakers? how many give up the struggle against hope and fate? how many become

thieves and criminals? how many take to the pavements and the bagnios? The answer may be found in the police returns for the year ended. There were 88,152 arrests, of which 24,350 were females. Lodgings were furnished a total of 126,380 times, the homeless lodgers being 68,854 males and 57,426 females. Four hundred and ninety-two "unknowns" were buried in Potter's Field during the year, of whom 93 were picked up in the rivers, 39 sought death by poison, the pistol was used by 61, the rope was chosen by 30, gas asphyxiation killed 19, chloroform was selected by 1 unfortunate, 4 jumped from buildings, and 20 stabbed or hacked themselves to death. These figures tell where some of the weary evicted ones have gone. The rest are teeming in the stale-beer dives, in the slums, in the workhouses, in the penitentiaries, and — the lunatic asylums.

Justice Goldfogle does not assume the parrot cry of the sceptical. He does not say, "Drink did it." He ought to know, for the worst of these cases pass through his court. What, then, is it? It is the struggle of the pitchfork against old ocean repeated, with the odds intensified in favor of the ocean. It is so with the hapless ones of Gotham. The odds are too much in favor of the landlords, who can fix their rents to suit themselves. The toilers must live somewhere, even if one half of their lives is devoted to the effort to pay their rent. The courts must see that the rent is paid or that the tenant goes into the street. What becomes of the tenant afterward is nobody's business, unless the police have occasion to look after him or the morgue-keeper fixes him in a deal box for interment in the home of the desolate on Hart's Island — Potter's Field.

New York, with all its noble charities, has not one to take in hand the cases of deserving people who are yearly turned adrift from their homes. The Department of Charities and Correction spends about a million dollars a year on charity, while the city pays over five millions to its pampered police force. It is thus in proportion with the other departments. Generous salaries are paid to every employee of the city government, so that this year we have a budget calling for thirty-three million seven hundred and twenty-five thousand five hundred fifty-five dollars and eighty-four cents, and of this vast sum only two million one hundred and seventy thousand dollars has been allotted to the double purpose of charity

and correction. In the face of this state of things, Justice Goldfogle suggests a very practical idea. The charities of the city might combine, he thinks, and establish a fund for the relief of such cases as arise in the civil courts where deserving people are liable to be evicted who owe very small amounts. A responsible man should be placed in each court; and when the justice meets with a case in which he sees direct evidence of deserving want, it might be referred to the representative of the charities, who would investigate and report back to the justice. He then might give a recommendation to the charities to pay the amount required to keep the person investigated in a home, or give the landlord his decree if the circumstances called for such course. It would be a little step in the direction of relief before the real reform comes. It would save thousands of the luckless victims of poverty from being cast into the streets in the biting colds of winter's snows. It would prevent the recurrence of repugnant spectacles like that displayed by poor Mrs. Goddy. It might save many a homeless young woman from desperately bartering away her virtue to provide a home for a sick mother, a fretsome, emaciated sister, or a starving self. Such sacrifices are horribly frequent, as is shown by the records of the night missions and refuges of the slums. The exercise of a little practical philanthropy in the line suggested would help to ward off, for a time at least, the inevitable "dead wagon" and ghastly pine box of the city's morgue.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS.

BY T. V. POWDERLY.

WHOEVER doubts that the railroad is a public highway will have such doubts dispelled if he takes careful note of the current of public sentiment which flows from the scene of a strike on a line or system of railroads. During such times, essays, editorials, and opinions are placed before the reading public in endless variety. No matter how much they may differ as to remedies for the trouble, they are unanimous in declaring that the railroad is a "public highway." No railroad manager has ever ventured to dispute the right of the public to claim the steel-bound line of transportation as a public highway. It would be folly to do so since the highest legal authority in the land has never reversed the decision of the many judges who have declared the railroads to be the instruments of the people.

The decision of Chief Justice Black of Philadelphia has never been questioned, and it emphatically declares the railroad to be a public institution. His language is as follows:—

A railroad is a public highway for the public benefit, and right of the corporation to exact a uniform, reasonable, stipulated toll from those who pass over it, does not make its main use a private one. The public have an interest in such a road when it belongs to a corporation as clearly as they would as if it were free, or as if the tolls were payable to the state.

Every reasoning being is satisfied that if no private corporation should construct a line of railroad, where necessity arose, it would be the duty of government to supply the demand. It is an established fact that the government has not only the right and power to construct lines of transportation, but that it is the duty of the state to place such agencies at the disposal of the people when public convenience requires it. That the government has no doubt of its right to exercise a supervision of the railroads, is demonstrated in the existence of the Interstate Commerce

Commission, which attempts to exercise a control over the railroads of the nation. In the early part of 1886 the Senate of the United States took up the question of railroad extortions, discriminations, etc., and appointed a committee to take testimony. The report of that committee occupies some fifteen hundred pages, and in summing up they allege that the complaints against the railroads are based on eighteen charges, which they present to Congress. The one offence which stands out clearly in nearly all of the charges is "unjust discrimination." "Reckless combinations," "watered, dishonest stock," "breaches of faith," and many other offences are charged. As a result of that report Congress enacted a law which went into effect in April, 1887, and the Interstate Commerce Commission has been a public institution ever since. During the debates on that bill the railroad lobby was energetic and active. The intent of the framer of the bill was that the law should give control of the railroads to the commission, to be appointed; but the combined railroad interests of the country secured the emasculation of the bill, and it received the signature of the president in such a form as to be almost worthless except to provide places for a few individuals. That commission has been at work for five years; and with the exception of the arrest and punishment, by fine, of one freight agent, no punishment has been meted out to offenders against public welfare. Unjust discrimination still continues, reckless combinations are entered into with less attempt at concealment than before; passes are issued to legislators, judges, county officials, governors, and clergymen in greater numbers than ever before; and where it is deemed necessary to silence the voice of opposition, blocks of railroad stocks are bestowed in liberal quantities. In every state where railroad commissions have been established, they have proved to be dead failures. Where a determined stand has been taken against encroachments of railroads by a commission, the courts have set aside the verdict of the commissioners. Where the property of the railroad has been threatened by a commission, the railroads have taken the precaution to add the railroad commissioners to their assets. Wherever that could not be done, the court has been knocked down to the railroad, and opposition has been silenced through legal decisions. Everywhere, and in all ages, the people have at first accepted compromises; they

have not pressed for radical measures of relief until the half-way policy has failed; and it has never succeeded for any length of time, except where the people have been misled. Where the shadow has been substituted for the substance, and for a time deceived the people, they have still continued to feel the oppressions and exactions of the iron hand in one way or another, and the clamor for radical measures has broken out in tones louder than before. The Interstate Commerce Law is a half-way measure; it but lances the sore where amputation is necessary; intended to control, it is itself controlled, and the summing up of a railroad manager before the Interstate Commerce Commission clearly demonstrates the utter worthlessness of that institution. It reads:—

Rates are absolutely demoralized, and neither shippers, passengers, railways, or the public in general make anything by this state of affairs. Take passenger rates, for instance; they are very low, but who benefits by the reduction? No one but the scalpers. In freight matters the case is just the same. Certain shippers are allowed heavy rebates, while others are made to pay full rates. . . . The management is dishonest on all sides, and there is not a road in the country that can be accused of living up to the Interstate law.

Governmental control of railroads has not succeeded and never will succeed. So long as it is in the power of a board of directors to increase stocks (all water), issue bonds, and give rebates in secret, the people will have to pay for all the water and the interest on the bonds. Favors are shown to trusts and combines; the trusts and combines are made up of the directors and stockholders of the railroads; they secretly allow rebates to their favorites, such institutions as have railroad directors on the roll of stockholders having an undoubted advantage over their competitors. No system of governmental control can reach the offenders. Public control is inconsistent with the idea of private ownership, and private ownership of public institutions is not consistent with well-founded principles of public policy and welfare. Public control without public ownership is an impossibility. What the government has a right to control it has a right to own and operate. Ownership must precede control, and the question must be solved in a very short time, or those who own the railroads will own the government. Daniel Webster, in speaking of the accumulation of wealth and special legislation, said:—

The freest government cannot long endure where the tendency of the law is to create a rapid accumulation of property in the hands of the few, and to render the masses of the people poor and dependent.

That the tendency of the times, as well as the law, is toward the still more rapid accumulation of the vast railroad interests in the hands of the few, is evidenced in the statements of the most experienced of railroad managers themselves. Mr. McLeod, president of the Reading combine, in his testimony before the committee of the New York legislature, admitted that the competition of the roads that were not consolidated with the Reading was the only thing that could prevent the combine from advancing the price of coal to such figures as its managers saw fit to name. He also emphatically stated that freight rates had in no way been regulated or interfered with by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and that the logical consequences would be that if all the roads in the country were under the practical management of one corporation, the public would be correspondingly benefited. C. P. Huntington recently expressed the opinion that all roads in the United States should be under the management of one syndicate having absolute control. With such governmental control as we have had, there is nothing, except the will of the railway directors, to prevent the consolidation of all railroad interests under one management. Constitutions and laws do not stay the march of the railroad magnate toward consolidation. Webster's prediction is being verified. Competent railroad authorities who have taken the pains to make estimates give the following items of expenditure by the railroads:—

Annual distribution of passes	\$30,000,000
Annual political corruption fund	30,000,000
Secret rebates to directors interested in trusts, etc.,	50,000,000
Total	\$110,000,000

On these three items alone, under public ownership, a saving of one hundred and ten millions of dollars would enable the government to reduce taxes; but if we remain inactive until the managers of the railroads effect the combination, hinted at by Messrs. McLeod and Huntington, that vast sum will in future go in a direct stream through the fingers of one hand instead of filtering through many hands. There will be less chance of detection; and with the savings

sure to follow such a combination of railroad interests, the corruption fund will be enormously increased. That thirty million dollars are annually expended as a political corruption fund, is admitted by practical railroad men. The principal objection to government ownership of railroads is that the railroads would be converted, through their employees, into vast political machines, and that the party in power could never be dislodged. Under a government economically administered it is possible to know what the expenditures are and for what purposes the money is appropriated. The questioning mind of the people is being quickened each day. They would be sure to follow up each dollar, and an item of thirty million dollars would not escape detection if used to debauch the people. But no power of the people can trace the path of the corruption fund which now finds its way from railway offices into the pockets of office holders and seekers of all parties. It was possible for the people to shake the hold of the office-holders in 1884, after the Republican Party had a lease of power extending through twenty-four years. It was possible for the people to again break the grasp of the office-holders in 1888. The people are liable at any time to dethrone the party in power, but it is always to the interest of the railroads to sustain and own the party in power. Prominent men of both parties are to-day interested in the supremacy of the railroad, and the employee who has the temerity to refuse to vote as his employer dictates is instantly discharged. (With the railroads under government ownership, the party in power would not dare to discharge men as they are discharged to-day for voting as they please.) Under a proper and honest system of civil service the employment of the railway worker would be more secure than it is. No one complains of the service rendered by the post-office department, and we hear but little complaint of the dismissal of employees for exercising the right to vote independent of party dictation. The Australian, or secret ballot, law will soon prevail in all the states, and it will then be impossible to know how the citizen votes. The power to-day is vested in the railroad, and our railway employees vote accordingly in many places. Whether Democrat or Republican is elected the railroad expects to buy him up for its uses before the end of his term; but vest the title to the railroad in the government, and this incentive to corruption is removed.

The enormous sum of money annually expended by the railroads to fee their lawyers would be saved if the governments owned the roads; the interminable lawsuits, in which the railroad official always feels that his road must win, would cease to lumber the court records. Life would be held to be more sacred than now, and the great difference between the number of killed and wounded in the United States, and countries where the railroads are under government control or ownership, would not be so great. Strikes would be at an end under government ownership; for the employees, in common with other citizens, would be the employers then, and it would be to their interest to see that the management of railroads was as nearly perfect as possible. Being managed for the public good instead of for private gain, it would be in the interest of good government to establish the eight-hour work day, wherever practicable, on railroads. The employment of more men (steady employment at that), a better service, and a reduction of the dangers of railroad travel to the minimum would follow government ownership. The cry of "paternal government" does not frighten the advocate of government ownership, for he well knows that "paternalism" has been the mainstay of the railroads in the past. What we require is not a paternal, but a fraternal government, in which the masses and not the classes will be the beneficiaries. Those who advocate government ownership are also believers in submitting all laws to the people for adoption. With the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum in the United States, the most perfect type of democracy will be established, and the people can be trusted to sustain the party in power when right, and dethrone it when wrong.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN COLONIAL DAYS AS MIRRORED IN POETRY AND SONG.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THE transition of religious thought from the austere severity of the Reformation and the unquestioning acceptance of papal authority, which marked a still earlier period, to the broad and truly catholic principles of moral government enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount, is becoming more and more pronounced with the passage of each succeeding decade. But so gradual has been the drifting that a vast majority of thoughtful people within the pales of the Church are scarcely conscious of the change; much less do they appreciate how surely the still small voice from the nameless mount in Galilee is overpowering the thunderous tones of Nicæa in Bithynia, which for more than fifteen centuries have controlled Christendom. Indeed, this grand transformation is being accomplished so naturally and so steadily that it is only at intervals, when some great divine in a popular church dares to think aloud, and voice that which is felt in the inmost soul of thoughtful people, that a ripple is caused on the placid water—a ripple which extends from mind to mind in an ever-broadening circle; as, for example, when so eminent a churchman as Canon Farrar declares in favor of restoration; a master brain like Professor Briggs announces that man may find God through the Bible, the *Church*, or through REASON; when a leading divine like Dr. Lyman Abbott pronounces in favor of Evolution; or yet, again, when a great church like the Methodist, after a severe battle for the infallibility of New Testament inspiration, relegates the Pauline injunction respecting women to its proper place among the dead and outgrown ideas of ancient Grecian thought. At such intervals as these, religious circles are for a time more or less convulsed; but a few years vanish, and the disturbers are canonized. Meanwhile humanity continues a steady, uninterrupted ascent.

The spiritual growth of our people reminds me of a traveller, journeying from the sea toward some lofty mountain range; for many miles the ascent is so gradual that he is unconscious of any material rise. After passing a few low hill ranges he is aroused to the fact that he is rising materially above the wave-washed lowlands. It is not, however, until he turns toward the sea, and casts a glance into the far distance, that the fact that the ocean is many thousands of feet below him, dawns on his mind. In like manner, so gradual, so natural, so irresistible have been the complex and multitudinous causes which have lifted Christian thought to a higher and diviner plane that it is only by examining ancient landmarks that we can fully appreciate the progress that has been made. Perhaps nothing will better illustrate this fact than poetry and hymnology of the past, and no spot affords a more striking illustration of this evolution of Christian thought than New England. The hymns which were sung with great fervor and feeling two hundred years ago, and the poetry which found greatest favor with the stern, Puritanical spirit of that age, thrills the average Christian of to-day with horror; and it is difficult for him to believe that any considerable number of persons ever believed that at the helm of the universe stood a Being so relentlessly despotic, so cruelly savage as the God our fathers most devoutly worshipped and in whom they had most implicit faith. Poems exceedingly popular among ultra-religionists two centuries ago, would be branded impious and sacrilegious by almost all Christians to-day, as will be readily seen when we examine some specimens of the poetry and sacred songs which were not only current but exceedingly popular.

One of the most famous clergymen who flourished in Massachusetts in the latter half of the seventeenth century was Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, a graduate of Harvard University and the author of numerous widely read theological works in prose and poetry. His most celebrated poetical work was entitled "The Day of Doom," "a poem of the last judgment." The first edition of this work consisted of eighteen hundred copies, which was exhausted within a year of its publication; something very remarkable when it is remembered that books were rare in those days, and New England was sparsely settled. The first edition,

however, was only sufficient to whet the appetites of our colonial fathers. The work reflected perfectly the conception which a very large number of devout people entertained of God; hence edition after edition was quickly sold. Not less than nine editions of this work were sold in New England in early times. It was also twice republished in England. From a commercial point of view it was the most remarkable success in the history of colonial literature, as it is stated that, next to the Bible and the almanac, more copies of "The Day of Doom" were sold than of any other work in colonial times. This success must have rested chiefly on the popularity of the thought contained, as, aside from weird poetic flashes now and then present, the literary quality of the work is far below mediocrity. The book was bound in sheep exactly like the binding employed for Bibles and hymn-books of the period. Each page bore marginal notes, giving the passages of Scripture which suggested the scene described. With these facts in mind, let us examine some verses from the poem. In the opening lines Mr. Wigglesworth describes the Judgment Day:—

Before his throne a trump is blown,
Proclaiming the day of doom:
Forthwith he cries, "Ye dead arise,
And unto the judgment come."
No sooner said, but 'tis obeyed;
Sepulchres opened are:
Dead bodies all rise at his call,
And's mighty power declare.

The saved are then judged, or rather their salvation is thus described:—

My sheep draw near, your sentence hear, which is to you no dread,
Who clearly now discern, and know your sins are pardoned.
'Twas meet that ye should judged be, that so the world may spy
No cause of grudge, when as I judge and deal impartially.
Know therefore all, both great and small, the ground and reason why
These men do stand at my right hand, and look so cheerfully.
These men be those my Father chose before the world's foundation,
And to me gave, that I should save from death and condemnation.

The elect having thus been disposed of, Jesus turns to those who were not of the company chosen for Him by God before "the world's foundation." After dealing with various classes of sinners in a manner which might well excite the envy of an Oriental despot whose heart had long been steeled

against all the divine emotions, Christ proceeds to judge those whose lives had been pure, holy, honest, and upright, but whose greatness of soul had rendered it impossible for them to grovel before a God represented by His most zealous followers as infinitely more brutal and cruel than the worst man born of woman. The scene described is characteristic of the thought of the age, and when reading it one ceases to wonder that witches were hung in Salem, or that Roger Williams was banished from the Massachusetts Colony; for a firm belief in such a God would naturally inspire persecution. This is the picture as seen through the poetical spectacles of the reverend gentleman:—

Then were brought nigh a company of civil, honest men
That loved true dealing, and hated stealing, ne'er wrong'd their
brethren;
Who pleaded thus, "Thou knowest us that we were blameless livers;
No whoremongers, no murderers, no quarrellers nor strivers."

Jesus admits that they have been all they claim, but proceeds:—

And yet that part, whose great desert you think to reach so far
For your excuse, doth you accuse, and will your boasting mar.
However fair, however square your way and work hath been,
Before men's eyes, yet God espies iniquity therein.
You much mistake, if for their sake you dream of acception:
Whereas the same deserveth shame and meriteth damnation.

This picture of infinite injustice, however, pales into insignificance before what follows. Dr. Wigglesworth had a case to make out; it was a bad case; it outraged every instinct of justice and love in the fibre of manhood, but he had the audacity to bravely face the issue; and though we cannot praise his logic, we are forced to admire his courage. This is the fate he describes awaiting millions of little buds of humanity who passed from life in infancy:—

Then to the bar, all they drew near who dy'd in infancy,
And never had or good or bad effected pers'nally.
But from the womb unto the tomb were straightway carried,
Or at the last e'er they transgressed who thus began to plead:
If for our own transgression, or disobedience,
We here did stand at thy left hand, just were the recompense;
But Adam's guilt our souls hath spilt, his fault is charg'd on us:
And that alone hath overthrown, and utterly undone us.
Not we, but he ate of the tree, whose fruit was interdicted:
Yet on us all of his sad fall, the punishment's inflicted.

How could we sin that had not been, or how is his sin our
 Without consent, which to prevent, we never had a pow'r?
 O great Creator, why was our nature depraved and forlorn?
 Why so defil'd, and made so vil'd whilst we were yet unborn?
 Behold we see Adam set free, and sav'd from his trespass,
 Whose sinful fall hath spilt us all, and brought us to this pass.
 Canst thou deny us once to try, or grace to us to tender,
 When he finds grace before thy face, that was the chief offender?

Jesus is then represented as replying in the following language:—

What you call old Adam's fall, and only his trespass,
 You call amiss to call it his, both his and yours it was.
 He was design'd of all mankind, to be a publick head,
 A common root, whence all should shoot, and stood in all their stead.
 He stood and fell, did ill or well, not for himself alone,
 But for you all, who now his fall, and trespass would disown.
 If he had stood, then all his brood, had been established
 In God's true love never to move, nor once awry to tread:
 Would you have griev'd to have receiv'd through Adam so much good,
 As had been your for evermore, if he at first had stood?
 Since then to share in his welfare, you could have been content,
 You may with reason share in his treason, and in the punishment.
 You sinners are, and such a share as sinners may expect,
 Such you shall have; for I do save none but my own *elect*.
 Yet to compare your sin with their who liv'd a longer time,
 I do confess yours is much less, though every sin's a crime.
 A crime it is, therefore in bliss you may not hope to dwell;
 But unto you I shall allow *the easiest room in hell*.
 The glorious king thus answering, they cease, and plead no longer:
 Their consciences must needs confess his reasons are the stronger.

Having disposed of the sheep and goats, the worthy divine
 next lingers on the field of victory and despair much as a
 bee lingers over the honey cup of a fragrant flower. While
 his observations were intended to illustrate the majesty and
 vengeance of offended Deity, they cannot be considered
 complimentary to either the head or heart of Jesus.

Now what remains, but that to pains and everlasting smart,
 Christ should condemn the sons of men, which is their just desert;
 Oh rueful plights of sinful wights! oh wretches all forlorn:
 'T had happy been they ne'er had seen the sun, or not been born.
 Yea, now it would be good they could themselves annihilate,
 And cease to be, themselves to free from such a fearful state.
 O happy dogs, and swine and frogs: yea, serpents generation,
 Who do not fear this doom to hear, and sentence of damnation!
 Where tender love men's hearts did move unto a sympathy,
 And bearing part of others' smart in their anxiety;
 Now such compassion is out of fashion, and wholly laid aside:
 No friends so near, but saints to hear their sentence can abide,

The godly wife conceives no grief, nor can she shed a tear
 For the sad fate of her dear mate, when she his doom doth hear.
 He that was erst a husband pierc'd with sense of wife's distress,
 Whose tender heart did bear a part of all her grievances,
 Shall mourn no more as heretofore because of her ill plight;
 Although he see her now to be a damn'd forsaken wight.
 The tender mother will own no other of all her numerous brood,
 But such as stand at Christ's right hand acquitted through his blood.
 The pious father had now much rather his graceless son should lie
 In hell with devils, for all his evils, burning eternally,
 Than God most high should injury, by sparing him sustain;
 And doth rejoice to hear Christ's voice adjudging him to pain.
 Who having all both great and small, convinc'd and silenced,
 Did then proceed their doom to read, and thus it uttered.
 Ye sinful wights, and cursed sprites, that work iniquity,
 Depart together from me forever to endless misery;
 Your portion take in yonder lake, where fire and brimstone flameth:
 Suffer the smart, which your desert as its due wages claimeth.
 What? to be sent to punishment, and flames of burning fire,
 To be surrounded, and eke confounded with God's revengeful ire!
 What? to abide, not for a tide these torments, but forever:
 To be released, or to be eased, not after years, but never.
 Oh fearful doom! now there's no room for hope or help at all:
 Sentence is past which aye shall last, Christ will not it recall.
 There might you hear them rend and tear the air with their outcries:
 The hideous noise of their sad voice ascendeth to the skies.
 They wring their hands, their caitiff hands, and gnash their teeth for
 terror;
 They cry, they cry for anguish sore, and gnaw their tongues for
 horror.
 But get away without delay, Christ pities not your cry:
 Depart to hell, there may you yell, and roar eternally.
 Dy fain they would, if dy they could, but death will not be had.
 God's direful wrath their bodies hath for ev'r immortal made.
 But who can tell the plagues of hell,
 The lightest pain they there sustain more than intolerable.
 But God's great pow'r from hour to hour upholds them in the fire,
 That they shall not consume a jot, nor by its force expire.

Can the imagination of enlightened man in this day conceive anything more ferociously barbarous and inhuman or unjust than this picture of the judgment and yet the phenomenal success of this poem is a most eloquent commentary on the attitude of religious thought in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, and enables us to better understand a public sentiment which tolerated the Blue Laws or permitted cruel religious persecution. The hymns of this age were also in perfect touch with this frightful system of thought; and though the progress of eliminating those

which voiced the most savage and brutal conception has been steadily carried on as humanity grew in intelligence and enlightenment, and as the diviner instinct became more potent, it has not been long since hymns which any wise and loving Deity might reasonably regard as blasphemous were sung with great zeal by those who believed they were the very elect of heaven. I have in my possession two volumes of Dr. Watts' hymns, edited by Rev. Samuel Worcester, D. D., and Samuel M. Worcester, A. M. — one published in 1850, the other in 1853 by Crocker and Brewster of Boston, which well illustrate the tenacity with which the savage conception of God held its place in the Church. In these volumes we find hymns breathing forth hate in every line; hymns in which the singers are represented as craven, insane, and terrified culprits, striving to appease a relentlessly cruel God, uttering fulsome flattery in one breath and dilating on His infinite vengeance in the next. To the thoughtful reader at the present time, these hymns seem more like the incoherent ravings of madmen than the utterances of sane, reasoning beings. Indeed, it is a marvel to me that all who possessed loving hearts and active brains, and who believed in this nightmare of eternal despair, did not become madmen. Take, for example, the following: —

My thoughts on awful subjects roll, —
 Damnation and the dead;
 What horrors seize the guilty soul,
 Upon a dying bed.

Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay;
 Till, like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then, swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Amongst abominable fiends,
 Herself a frightened ghost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains:
 Tortur'd with keen despair, they cry;
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish and their blood
 For their old guilt atones;
 Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans.

Here is another companion hymn : —

With holy fear, and humble song,
The *dreadful God* our souls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue,
That speaks the terrors of His power.
Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair, —
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals, —
And darts, t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.
There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both thy hands.

Their guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod:
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son:
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

Below the pious author of a once popular hymn, found in the collection before referred to, gives us a graphic pen picture of God as seen by his mental vision : —

His nostrils breathe out fiery streams;
And, from his awful tongue,
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder rolls along.

Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord!
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm, —
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

Original sin and the degradation of manhood, the direct opposite of the incoming religious thought of to-day, were favorite themes with the hymnologist of other days. Let us imagine our great congregations of to-day singing the following:—

Backward, with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed, and broke,
In our first father's fall!

To all that's good, averse, and blind,
And prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

Conceived in sin, O wretched state,
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns!
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!

Wild and unwholesome, as the root,
Will all the branches be:
How can we hope for living fruit,
From such a deadly tree?

What mortal power, from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream,
From an infected spring?

These examples of the poetry which enjoyed wonderful popularity, and voiced the austere religious thought of colonial days, may help us to appreciate the ocean-wide expanse between the dominant religious thought at the time when Cotton Mather delivered his eulogy over the body of Rev. Michael Wigglesworth and the present, when the pastor of the most famous Congregational church in America declares in favor of evolution, and a learned professor in one of the greatest Presbyterian theological colleges publicly affirms that men can no longer shut their eyes to the fact that "the Bible contains errors which no man has been able to explain away" and also that there are three sources

*Inaugural address by C. A. Briggs, on authority of the Holy Scriptures. Charles Scribner's Sons.

or fountains of divine authority, "The Bible, the Church, and Reason." So gradually, however, has this wonderful evolution taken place, and so multitudinous have been the educational agencies which have steadily lifted man into a higher sphere of thought, that it is only when we examine the history and literature of a vanished age that we are able to appreciate the progress which has been accomplished, or properly appreciate the spirit of the past. *Religion is evolving as is humanity. What was orthodoxy yesterday is blasphemy to-day. What is heterodoxy to-day is orthodoxy to-morrow.* The history of religious evolution is a tedious and often disheartening narrative, and so also is the story of life's evolution and the rise of man from the savagery of Central Africa to the development of a Hugo; but the story in each instance is inspiring, for the *trend is upward*. The star goes before. The road ever leads to higher altitude. Jesus came a luminous life, radiant with love, rich in divine pity, and strong in moral grandeur; but His simple teaching soon became mazed in Grecian philosophical and metaphorical thought and colored with the many-hued opinions of the Roman world. Doubtless this was owing to the fact that humanity was not yet ready for the divinely simple code of ethics which Jesus lived as well as taught. The idea of human brotherhood, which was a central principle in His teachings, and which was nowhere better exemplified than in His life, has had small influence over the world, but to-day it is taking hold of the hearts of the thinking millions as never before. Literature is rife with the thought. It may be said to be the dream of the millions; and the very presence of this dream as much as aught else affords a reason for the unrest and discontent of the age, which chafes under galling bonds, the injustice and inhumanity of which were not appreciated *until this divine ideal came into the lives of the people*. Some good people to-day yearn for the religious atmosphere of colonial days, seeing in them only the enchantment and glamour which distance not infrequently lends to scenes rugged, harsh, and revolting, and not reflecting that religious thought of the kind and character which inspired our fathers, naturally gave birth to narrowness, bigotry, intolerance, and persecution. Indeed, to-day among those who are now giving their attention to the outside of the "cup and platter," and who seek to restore the

ancient Sabbath, we see *the same spirit of persecution and determination to force every one to bow to their conception of what is right* which enthralled human thought, crushed human rights, destroyed human happiness, and checked the march of progress and intellectual development for generations. It may have been necessary for humanity to pass through this dark stage in her development; but to attempt to resurrect the past and mingle its spirit with the present, would be to chain a corpse to the living, to make turbid the clear flowing stream of pure religion by injecting into its limpid waves the blood-dyed current of a savage and undeveloped past. The new conception of religion is grandly noble. It holds as a cardinal truth the doctrine of human brotherhood. It squares all things by absolute justice. There is no old-time terror in its glance as it peers into the future, and even if at times it doubts, *it does not dread*; it is established in the conviction that the trend of life is upward. If God is love, and if God is spirit, He will draw all souls by the magnetic attraction of love unto His own pure heights, as the sun calls from the ground the budding plant and by its wonderfully subtle power calls from it stores of wealth in bloom and fruit. It recognizes every law based on absolute and unswerving justice, and expects no miraculous interposing to save any man from the result of sin, crime, or vice, which it holds to be as inevitable as the law which holds in place the planetary system; but it eliminates all Oriental ideas of a vengeful despot controlling a world of eternal torment awaiting any soul who may have in his being the germ of immortal life. The new idea is leavening society; but to-day, as in the days of Jesus, it is most potent *outside the temples of conservatism*. It appeals to the common people and to the intellectually emancipated with irresistible force; while those who are enslaved within the walls of form, rite, and conventionalism, and they who to-day correspond to the Scribes and Pharisees of Jesus' time vainly attempt to stay its onward sweep. The forces which are working for the new ideals in religion are as numerous as they are resistless. They will triumph in the coming day, and in their triumph we will see a higher and truer civilization than has yet visited the world—a civilization in which ethics will be married to intelligence, and LOVE instead of *craft* will pulse through the soul of enlightened man.

A CHINESE MYSTIC.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES T. BIXBY, PH. D.

To speak of a Chinese Mystic seems almost like a contradiction in terms. The Chinese are certainly the last people among whom we should look for such a type of thought. Shrewd, calculating, cautious, conservative, they have been appropriately called "the Prose of Asia." They are the utilitarians of the ancient days, demanding the tangible and the practical, dismissing as folly whatever is beyond the reach of the senses or the comprehension of the natural understanding.

But the East, in these latter times, when its long-closed gates have been thrown open to us, has had many surprises for us. Whether or not the commercial world is deriving the advantages it anticipated from the freer intercourse with the Oriental world, literature and knowledge are reaping valuable harvests. We have come to know something about the history of that country which contains a third of the human race and whose records go back to an antiquity only surpassed by those of one other race.

And not least in worth or interest, we have been introduced to a philosophy that has outlasted two thousand five hundred years, that counts twelve distinguished masters before our era, and that has run pretty well round the circle of European metaphysics.

We have, to be sure, for many years possessed good accounts of Confucius and Mencius, and translations of their works, and have been familiar with their literary and social characteristics. But of China's other philosophers and other systems of thought, we have known little. A modern history of philosophy of high repute (that of Mr. George H. Lewes) passes over altogether what the Chinese have done in this field, and justifies it on the ground that their philosophers have presented only the rules of propriety and external deportment; that it was the Greeks who first said to man, "Know thyself."

The writer evidently knew nothing of the great mind whose speculations fall no whit behind those of Parmenides or Heraclitus, either in boldness, subtlety, or profundity, and who a century before Socrates began to teach, wrote "He who knows others is shrewd; but he only who knows himself is enlightened." This was Lao-Tsze, the old philosopher of China, as he is called.

Who was this old philosopher? History, which has been so profuse in its details of the life of Confucius, has been equally reticent in regard to Lao-Tsze's career. His father is said to have been a peasant, who married at the age of seventy a woman little more than half his age. According to the great Chinese historian, Sze-ma-Tseen, he was born in the year 604 B. C., in the district of Lee, and in the state of Tsou. About his boyhood nothing is definitely known. When he grew to manhood he became keeper of the Archives at the imperial court of Chow, and seems to have kept this post till an advanced age. Here it was that Confucius visited his aged contemporary and held several conversations with him that have become quite celebrated. Shortly after these interviews, foreseeing the inevitable downfall of the state of Chow, Lao-Tsze resigned his office and went into retirement. But when the turmoil of the times became so violent, that even this retirement no longer gave him security, he took his journey to the West, passed through the Hankoo Pass, and from that hour was never seen again.

But though history contains but scanty reference to the life of Lao-Tsze, yet later legend, when his philosophy had grown into a religion, enveloped his name with all or more than all the customary marvels with which pious adoration is apt to invest the founders of great faiths. He was declared to have been a spiritual being and the incarnation of Tao, the Eternal Being. His appearance at birth was that of a man with gray hairs, already old; and it was from this circumstance that he was called Lao-Tsze, the Aged or the Venerable. With the first breath he was endowed with complete intelligence and possessed of the power of speech. As soon as born he mounted in the air, and, pointing with his left hand to heaven and his right to earth, he said, "In heaven above and earth beneath, Tao alone is worthy of honor." He was able to impart to those he chose to bless the talisman of eternal life; and if they displeased and dis-

obeyed him, he could withdraw it at will, upon which (as is described in one legend) that which a moment before was a living body, became a heap of dry bones.

Such supernatural wonders are but the distorted and exaggerated shadows cast upon the clouds of credulous faith by a great man, walking upon the distant mountain heights of history. They attest the powerful impression which he made upon an age and generation unequal to clear comprehension of his high thought.

And after ages and other nations have likewise failed to do him justice. Our knowledge of ancient Chinese philosophy having been principally confined, as we have said, to Confucius and his school, these have long been taken as representatives of the whole character and highest attainment of the Chinese mind. Confucius does, indeed, represent one of the chief parties in Chinese religion and thought, one of the prominent sides of Chinese character; but he is as unable fully to represent the Chinese mind as Pope and Bentham to represent completely the English mind. As the English mind had tendencies which found expression through such men as Coleridge and Wordsworth, Shelley and Carlyle, as well as the tendencies which uttered themselves through Pope and Bentham,—so the Chinese character had a spiritual and transcendental side of which we find no hint in the famous founder of its state religion. It is Lao-Tsze, whose followers in the Middle Kingdom at one time placed it above Confucianism, and who still count more heads among their number than the whole population of the United States in 1870 (i. e., over forty million), who is the chief exponent of this other aspect of the Chinese genius.

In Confucius we find a man of keen common sense, who seeks to make the most of the present life for himself, and who would have others do the same. He is a politician, a social scientist, a moralist. In Lao-Tsze we find manifested an entirely different bias. He is more contemplative and more soaring. He would have us get as far away from the world as possible, and find within an all-sufficient kingdom.

To Confucius external circumstances and ceremonies, the due observance of propriety, and reverence for parents and ancestors were the chief things. Lao-Tsze did not care much for the past. He concerned himself little about the external.

His stress was laid upon the internal and the eternal. The sage, he says, makes provision for the inner man, not for the eyes.

Confucius acknowledged that he was a transmitter and not a maker; one whose only merit was that he believed in, and loved and studied the old masters, the ancient classics of China. Lao-Tsze thought for himself. The old system which aroused in Confucius the enthusiastic desire to reorganize it and make it permanent, had upon Lao-Tsze quite another effect. He would like to pull it down and rebuild society in accordance with nature and the eternal laws of reason and justice. Confucius, in short, was a conservative; Lao-Tsze a radical; Confucius a traditionalist; Lao-Tsze a transcendentalist; Confucius a practical materialist and agnostic; Lao-Tsze a pure and uncompromising idealist.

The difference between them is well illustrated by the conversations which are said to have passed between them at certain memorable interviews. Imagine a discussion between Lord Chesterfield and Emerson, or between Addison and Carlyle, and we may get some idea of the opposite elements brought together by these views. Confucius could not understand the bold insights of Lao-Tsze, and Lao-Tsze could not endure with patience the pedantries of Confucius. In one of these interviews, for example, Confucius enlarged, in his usual way, on his love of virtue and propriety, and his admiration for the ancient virtues and the good old forms. Lao-Tsze listened as long as he could to his antiquarian lore, and then cut him short by telling him, "The men of whom you speak, sir, have already mouldered with their bones into dust, and only their words remain. I have heard that a good merchant who has his storehouse well packed, has very little in sight. Put away, sir, your haughty airs and many desires, your flashy manners and extravagant will. These are all unprofitable to you. This is all I have got to say to you."

Poor Confucius, thus rudely snubbed before the very face of his disciples, whom he had brought along to hear the compliments that he had expected to receive from the philosophic oracle, was hard put to it for a plausible explanation of his rough rebuff, and could only explain the occurrence by comparing Lao-Tsze to the incomprehensible dragon whose audacious flights contradict all the usual customs of birds.

Lao-Tsze's writings are comprised in one small volume, the Tao-Teh-King, or Treatise upon Tao and Teh.

Teh means simply virtue. But as to what Tao means there has been considerable dispute. It is the crux of Lao-Tsze's philosophy. For the doctrine of Tao is the centre about which his thought revolves, and the interpretation of Tao determines the character of his whole system.

The original meaning of the term is undoubtedly the way or the path. It is used in a few passages in its original sense, not only by Lao-Tsze, but by Confucius. But almost everywhere in the Tao-Teh-King, the context requires some far higher meaning for it.

It is a primal, eternal thing; indeed, it is spoken of in such a way that we must recognize it, in Lao-Tsze's thought, as the primal, eternal thing.

"There was an existence," says the twenty-third chapter, "incomprehensible and perfect, which existed before heaven and earth. So still! So transcendent! It stood alone and was not changed. It pervades everything and has not been endangered. If I designate it, I call it Tao!"

Bringing together the various passages where it is spoken of, we find this Tao thus further characterized: "It is invisible and inaudible, formless and figureless. It is empty, yet in operation, exhaustless. Whose son it is, is not known. It seems to have existed before the supreme Lord, Shangti. It gives the law to heaven, but finds its law in itself. Any name that can be given to it is not its eternal name. It is the mother-abyss from which all things have proceeded. To it everything returns.

Nevertheless, itself thus unchanging, it creates, forms, perfects, nourishes, sustains, and protects all existence. It is the identity of the passive and the active. It is the foundation of virtue, the bringer of peace, the jewel of the good, the forgiver of sin.

Such are the various attributes that Lao-Tsze gives to his great Tao.

What can combine in itself such grand, mysterious properties? What existence or conception can reconcile and explain such paradoxes? Some have understood it to mean "Reason"; some "Knowledge." Remusat identified it with the Logos of Grecian philosophy. Victor von Strauss, however, contends that, to answer to the lofty and varied attri-

butes of Tao, no lower conception will suffice than that of Supreme God. He believes that Lao-Tsze had a surprisingly grand and profound consciousness of Deity and a very definite conception of him, which was almost throughout in harmony with the theology of Revelation.

The meaning, however, which the best Chinese scholars find in Tao is that of the original Source of all things, the Mysterious Essence of all that is and the Eternal Way, by which all things come into being and unfold themselves.

But it is very far from equivalent to the Christian conception of God. It is that which was, as he says, "before the Supreme Lord himself came into being. It is void and empty." We search in it in vain for those conscious and personal attributes which are distinctive of the Jehovah of Israel and of the Heavenly Father of Christianity. Feeling, desire, affection, volition, these have little or no place in great Tao. The qualities assigned to Tao are rather those of a principle than of a person. The term is intended to designate, as I have said, the Eternal Law, the Ultimate Source, and the Supreme Principle of all things. Lao-Tsze, like all mystics, like all deep thinkers, would get at the very inmost core of things. He would not rest with results; he wanted to know the causes whence they flowed. Beneath the properties of things he would find the substance to which the property belonged. Thus his thought passed backward, inward, and upward, till he perceived that all changes, properties, effects, processes, were but results of one great Activity, aspects of one Existence.

But even before Activity and Existence came into being, there must have been something preceding them — the inactive, the non-existent. The extended creation must have had, anterior to it, the empty space in which it may find room. Creation, becoming, implies a void which it may fill up. The manifested Universe, yea, the manifested and active Deity, involves some secret unmanifested Power, some primal stillness still more ancient than itself. And even this Passivity, this Emptiness, had this no origin? We may ask even of this, Whence came it? There must be a Source behind even this, something, in short, which is the original Possibility, the ultimate Process and Origin of all things, Source of Matter and Mind, God and Devil, the Something and the Nothing.

This deepest mystery, this Unknown, Unknowable First Cause, this Unfathomable Abyss, from which all things proceeded, before both creation and time and the Creator himself, this was called by Lao-Tsze, Tao. Not that this indicates its true name or real character. "The Tao that can be named is not the real Tao." What that is, is entirely beyond our very conception. Lao-Tsze forces himself to designate it as the Tao, and the Great One only, that he may have some symbol by which to speak of it, not because this is any correct description of its nature.

The Christian and the theist, of course, identify this ultimate Source, this Primal and Incomprehensible Abyss, from which all things proceed, with the conscious personal God whom he believes in. But Lao-Tsze's conception reached no such definiteness.

The student who is familiar with the history of philosophy will find its equivalents rather in the conceptions of the mystics and theosophists as to the origin of things. What Lao-Tsze meant by his Tao is best illustrated by the Abyssal Nothing, which as yet is no actual thing, but the mystic Potentiality of all, which Jacob Boehme presented as the primal element. It is what Tauler meant by his "Divine Dark." Or, if more modern illustrations are desired, it may be compared to Spinoza's "One Substance," Kant's "Unconditioned and Absolute," or Spencer's "Unknowable."

Lao-Tsze's theory of Creation proceeds directly from his idea of the Divine Essence. This Divine Essence is the Mother of the Universe, the simple primary element, which, being differentiated, as Herbert Spencer would say, becomes all the visible forms that we see; although itself invisible and intangible, a form of nothingness, yet at the same time it contains potentially all life, form, and substance, and from it proceed all created things — heaven, earth, and all its inhabitants. "Tao produces and virtue nourishes. Everything takes form, and the forces bring to perfection." It is a process, to use the language of modern science, of spontaneous generation and evolution, passing from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; and like Hegel, Lao-Tsze gives to his unfolding process a threefold movement. Tao produced one, that is, the first great cause; one produced two, the male and female principles of nature — the active and passive, the attractive and repulsive forces; two pro-

duced three; and three produced, first, heaven and earth, and then all things that they contain. All things endure for a set time and then perish. From non-existence they grow to maturity; but as soon as the highest point of vigor is reached, they begin to decline and return home to the root—the nothingness—from which they issued. Like the void of the sky, the hole in a wheel, the aperture of a window or a door, it is the part which is empty which is most useful and most enduring.

And it is from this same principle that Lao-Tsze's ethics and politics are deduced. Having reached, by his doctrine of Tao, the primal essence of all things, Lao-Tsze has attained the sure foundation, the all-sufficient guide for the rest of his system. Whether it be moral or political questions that present themselves, a solution is at once given by simply observing and imitating Tao.

"The wise man has for his law Nature. Nature has for its law Heaven. Heaven has for its law Tao, the Eternal Order. And the law of Tao is—its own spontaneity."

Chinese ethics have been popularly thought purely utilitarian and conventional. It is charged that they knew no inward rule, no eternal principle of right; that even the word "conscience" is not to be found in the Chinese language. This error has come from taking Confucius and his writings as by themselves full and satisfactory representatives of Chinese thought. More thorough study shows that in Chinese morals, as in European, there is an intuitive school as well as a utilitarian. If in Confucius the only standard is old custom and the welfare of the people, it is not so in the writers of the transcendental school.

Lao-Tsze always wants to go to the root of things and test them by everlasting principles. "Virtue in its grandest aspect," he says, "is neither more nor less than following the Divine Tao, the Eternal Order." Confucius was very much concerned about social etiquette and religious ceremonies. Even the number of meals to be eaten and the posture to be observed in bed must be prescribed by precise rule. It was not enough for men to practice justice and humanity; they must call them justice and humanity. To use more modest names, or pretend that they had done nothing of any account, was a mistake. But Lao-Tsze desired men to attach them-

selves to what was real, and throw one side what was merely showy and superficial. The chief thing was to keep the inner man, to be true to one's self. He who practiced Tao, sought to make the people sincere and simple and honest. It was only when the Eternal Principle was lost, that men began to prate about virtue, and laud benevolence, and discuss justice, and practice decorum. "For propriety," as he said with cutting sarcasm, "is the mere skeleton of fidelity and the precursor of confusion."

When he found Confucius, on a certain occasion, pedantically poring over the Yi-King, or Book of Changes, a book of very obscure philosophy and speculation, and justifying himself on the plan that he was learning from it humanity and justice, Lao-Tsze brusquely told him that "the justice and humanity of the present day are no more than empty names. They only serve as a mask to cruelty. The pigeon does not need to bathe all day to make itself white, nor does the crow need to paint itself each morning to make itself black. The heaven is naturally elevated; the sun and moon shine because it is their nature to. So, sir, if you cultivate Tao, the eternal principles of rectitude, implanted by nature within you; if you throw yourself toward it with all your soul, you will arrive at it. But when you study merely conventional justice, instead of pushing on to the Eternal Principle of conduct, you are like a man who beats a drum while searching for a truant sheep. You only distract men and disturb the natural development of human nature."

Confucius, in reply, boastingly named the great classical works which he had edited, and reproached the world for its lack of appreciation of his services. "No one deigns to employ me. Men are hard to persuade," sighed Confucius.

"That with which you occupy yourself," was the tart rejoinder of Lao-Tsze, who seems to have had as caustic a tongue as a Dr. Johnson or a Carlyle, "results only in obsolete examples, and all you do is to walk in the footprints of the past, without producing anything new."

From this interview, it is said that Confucius returned to his disciples, and for three days did not utter a word.

The working of Tao is ever free from discontent or noise. Though it conquers all, it does not contend. Heaven and earth are lasting, because they do not strive for continuance. The root of the moving is the still. The greatest fulness is

emptiness. Lao-Tsze's great practical maxim is, therefore, "Act non-action. Find your great in what is little. If you wish the lofty, choose the low." The wise man remembers that rest is the lord of motion, and never allows himself to depart from a state of quietude and gravity. This stillness brings with it eternity; it is itself eternity. "He who does not know this eternal life, wildly works his own misery. He who knows it is magnanimous, broad of spirit, royal; he is heaven itself, yea, the Absolute Principle, the Divine Tao, and therefore immortal. Though his body perish, he is in no danger." (Chap. 16.)

Especially for the talkative man did Lao-Tsze have a profound contempt and distrust. "A man on tip-toe," to use his own apt illustration, "cannot stand still; and so a man who is always seeking notice by his clever talk, cannot remain quiet and self-contained." "Be sparing of your speech, and possess yourself. They who know do not talk; they who talk do not know." "Shut the lips and close the portals of self (i. e., the eyes and ears), and as long as you live you will have no trouble. But open your lips and meddle with things, and as long as you live you will not get out of trouble."

He is profoundly suspicious of all so-called greatness, especially of all desire for earthly grandeur. "Those who come up to the vulgar standard, must have existed for a long time as small men." "To produce and not possess; to act and not expect reward; to grow great and not play the despot—this," he says, "I call sublime virtue." "To wear fine clothes and carry sharp swords; to eat and drink to satiety; to lay up superfluous wealth—this I call magnificent robbery. This is not the Eternal Law, sure enough."

If we only understood the law of Divine Tao, we should see that getting was a greater malady than losing. "Therefore the sufficiency of contentment is an everlasting sufficiency." The true greatness, in his view, is that which, like nature, runs to the valleys which all despise. "He that humbles himself shall be preserved. The wife by quietness invariably conquers the man. The weakest things in the world will gallop over the strongest. Silent teaching, passive usefulness—few in the world attain to this. Compassion is that which is victorious in the attack and secure

in the defence. When heaven would save a man it encircles him with compassion."

And in regard to knowledge the same humility is inculcated. Efforts at education, he claims, daily increase an unhealthy activity. The wise man does not travel abroad for knowledge. He looks within. "The best part of knowledge is to recognize our ignorance. The current disease of ignorance is to have a conceit of knowledge. If one only takes this disease for what it is — that is, a disease — then he will be free from it."

In his social maxims and his political instructions, Lao-Tsze is the same thorough Quietist. Not even Leo Tolstoi has more unqualifiedly advocated the policy of inactivity as the masterly thing in government. The thoroughness and pithiness with which he unfolds the let-alone doctrine would delight the heart of a free trader. A wise ruler, in his view, will remember that a nation is a growth, not a manufacture. If the ruler do but love quietness, avoid fussy lawmaking, and be free from lusts, everything will spontaneously submit to him. Constant intermeddling in political and social matters only tends to produce the evils they were intended to avert.

"When one who wishes to take this world in hand tries to make it according to his wishes," he says in a most pregnant sentence, "I perceive that he will never have done. The spiritual vessels of the world must not be made. He that makes mares; he that grasps loses."

He takes the same ground as Dr. Channing did, that the best government is that which governs least. "By non-action," he maintains, "there is nothing that cannot be done. One might undertake the governments of the world without taking any trouble. As for all those that do take trouble, they show thereby that they are not competent to the government of the world." "When the world has many prohibitive enactments," he says in another place, "the people become more and more poor."

Even to war and punishment, Lao-Tsze does not shrink from applying his non-interference principles. He was the first Quaker in history, and condemned force in all forms, because of its incompatibility with eternal Tao. Weapons of war he denounces as instruments of ill-omen. "They are not the tools of a superior man. He uses them only when he is obliged to. When he conquers, he is not elated. He

who rejoices at the destruction of human life," he wisely says, "is not fit to be intrusted with power in the world. A truly great general is no lover of war." With equally vigorous logic he attacks the custom of capital punishment. If a state were well governed, the necessity for this or any other punishment could not arise. And when by misgovernment, passions are inflamed, so that punishment is called for, the taking of life seems not to him the best deterrent. It is those who live for the mere reckless indulgence of their passions who commit these murders and the gross crimes for which it is usually made the penalty. But when people reach this reckless stage, they hold their life in little esteem. And if it be so brought about that the people should always fear death and we can seize and kill those who commit any outrage, yet, who would dare to do so? "There is always the Great Executioner," in whose hands are the issues of life and death. "Now, for any man to act the executioner's part, this is hewing out the Great Architect's work for him. And he who undertakes to hew for the Great Architect rarely fails to cut his own hands."

And this charity, this unwillingness to judge his fellow-man, is a quality not merely exhibited in this single instance by Lao-Tsze, but it is one of his great principles. "Be chaste," he says, "but do not chasten others. Be straight yourself, but seek not to straighten your fellows. For yourself be scrupulously correct, but do not slash and carve up critically other people. And learn not to impute wickedness to the unfortunate. If one man dies and another is preserved alive, why point at either of them as the object of heaven's hatred. Heaven and earth have no especial favorites. They regard all existing beings as figures of grass made for an hour's use before the altar. A truly good man loves all men and rejects nothing. He associates with good men and interchanges instruction with them; but bad men are the materials on which he works, and to bring such back to Tao, is the great object of his life." (Douglas — p. 205.)

The main ethical principles of Lao-Tsze's system are, then, humility, simplicity, silent usefulness.

The great lessons which he would teach are non-resistance, the preciousness of the inner man, and the worthlessness of those external and worldly objects that excite the desires and ambitions of men.

The mere enumeration of this class of virtues is enough to suggest Him who stands in Christendom as the great teacher of these things and to call for a comparison of Lao-Tsze and the Man of Nazareth.

Measuring him with that highest of earthly models, we must pronounce his teaching deficient, certainly, at least, in his conception of the Divine. Grand as his delineation of Tao is, he fails to recognize the personality of the Supreme. Lao-Tsze has also pushed his asceticism and quietism to an irrational extreme, and his opposition to social progress and civilization make his ethics better adapted for monks and hermits than for our modern society.

Nevertheless, I think it difficult to name any other predecessor or any contemporary of Christ whose conceptions of human duty are more elevated and humane. He occupies, it seems to me, a far higher sphere of thought and sentiment than his much praised contemporary, Confucius.

Scorning to be confined by custom or external rule, seeking realities under the sole guidance of his own mind and heart, he could receive more of that inspiration of the Holy Spirit, which in all times and nations is vouchsafed to the souls that will give it free entrance and play.

Confucius, indeed, as it has often been proclaimed, uttered the prototype of the Golden Rule. But he intended it, as he afterwards explained, only in reference to friends and equals—not at all as applicable to our inferiors or our enemies.

But Lao-Tsze, in the very spirit of Christ, said: "Recompense injury with kindness." (Chalmers, 38 Sec.) "The good I would meet with goodness. The not-good I would also meet with goodness. Virtue is good to all."

The strong similarities to many of the profoundest thoughts of the Bible exhibited by this and many other passages from Lao-Tsze, are very remarkable. They would be noticeable in themselves, but as coming from one who lived in China, and in the sixth century before Christ, are doubly deserving of attention.

How are these striking similarities to Christian thought and these anticipations of so many modern ideas which Lao-Tsze shows us, not merely in his religious views, but in his philosophical and social speculations, to be explained? Has his book been manipulated by interpolators, or did he

himself have any communication with the West of Asia and the seats of enlightenment around the Mediterranean?

As to the first suggestion, the Chinese scholars declare that there is no ancient book that can with more confidence be declared free from suspicion as to its antiquity and integrity.

As to the second suggestion — that Lao-Tsze had communication with Palestine or Greece — that is an explanation which we need not resort to. The similarities may be accounted for in a much simpler way.

As Lao-Tsze himself says, "One needs not to go beyond his own door to know the world. One need not to peep through his windows to see celestial Tao. The further one travels away from home the less he knows."

Lao-Tsze gives us such coincidences with European and Christian thought and such prefigurements of modern notions, simply because his spiritual stature raised his eyes to the same height of spiritual observation, and the same heaven was above him and the same earth beneath him.

It is only another illustration, from a more remote quarter, of what Mr. Lewes has endeavored to show in his "History of Philosophy"; viz., that all modern philosophy in its various aspects, however it may boast of originality, is but a repetition of the course of ancient philosophy; the same problems, the same answers, the same narrow circle of a few modes of thought, from point to point of which the human mind swings as it seeks to determine more exactly the great reality of things.

It is, in fine, a conspicuous testimony to the essential unity of the human mind and an additional proof of the supreme antiquity and attainments of that people who not merely anticipated us in the invention of gunpowder and paper, the printing press and the mariner's compass, but plunged so long before us into the mysteries of transcendentalism, taught, five centuries anterior to the Christian Era, some of Christ's loftiest instructions, and three thousand years ago proposed to abolish armies, capital punishments, protective duties, and all restrictions upon the liberties of the individual.

There is here a most wholesome rebuke to that large class of people who are so captivated by the wonders of modern progress that they imagine that an enlightened or humane thought was impossible in ancient days.

The later phases of the doctrine of Tao, as has happened with almost every great doctrine, did not keep the elevated plane on which it began. The followers of Lao-Tsze, unequal to grasping and applying his ideas in their exalted spirituality, brought them down to their own sensuous level. His origin and life were invested with marvellous fables. They celebrated his supernatural birth from the side of a virgin. They worshipped him, as one of the many manifestations of the invisible Deity.

In his high appreciation of the power of the spirit which has identified itself with Supreme Tao, Lao-Tsze assigned to it almost an unconditional mastery. It can rule, not only itself, but the material and the animal world. "He who has amplitude of virtue is like a child. The reptiles sting him not. Wild beasts seize him not, and birds of prey strike him not."

Taking literally these bold flights of rhetoric, the later disciples of Lao-Tsze degraded his lofty transcendentalism into a childish system of magic, his pure abstractions into the most fantastic schemes and superstitions. They became the theosophists and necromancers of the Middle Kingdom. Their talk was now of spells, of amulets, of gifts of second sight, of elixirs that rescued from the grasp of death. They gave themselves up henceforth to magical performances, figuring as jugglers, physicians, fortune tellers. They became a sect whose chiefs are called "Heavenly Doctors," and whose Supreme Pontiff is believed to be an incarnation of Tao, exercising absolute dominion in the sphere of the invisible.

But not by these later corruptions should we judge the doctrine of Tao, any more than we should judge Christianity by Papal Romanism, but by what it was as its author originally gave it to the world. To estimate it correctly we should compare it with the conceptions of the age in which it first appeared. And though that period was one of the most fruitful in remarkable men of any period in history, when the Grecian annals are starred with such names as Thales, Parmenides, and Xenophanes, when Judea was blessed with her Jeremiah and Ezekiel, I do not know any among them that, take him for all in all, as thinker, moralist, and statesman, deserves to stand higher than the Old Philosopher of China.

ARE WE SOCIALISTS?

BY MR. THOMAS B. PRESTON.

THE prominence given to socialistic questions in this country during the past few years has led many thinking Americans to inquire whether we have not ourselves departed to a great extent from that magnificent individualism that characterized the idea of our forefathers in founding a republic where manhood and independence, industry, perseverance, and enterprise should have full, free play. We evidently have departed from it in many ways. There is a tendency on the part of large classes of men to look to the government to aid them, either by the strong arm of military force or by giving them special advantages, through tariffs or bounties, over the rest of their fellow-citizens. Labor and Capital stand as if arrayed in hostile camps, each under an armed truce, ever and anon breaking out into open war. All sorts of suggestions are made to meet our threatening social perils. "Shoot down the strikers!" cry some; "Let the legislature fix the price to be paid to employees!" say others — both suggestions equally socialistic, equally unjust. If the railroad companies, for instance, are private business enterprises to be run in the interests of the stockholders and directors without consulting the public, their officials certainly have a right to obtain labor as cheaply as possible. If they are public enterprises, instituted for the public convenience, it would be no more socialistic for the public to own and operate them than for it to conduct the post-office business.

It is entirely against American principles that any man should be dictated to as to the nature of the labor he employs; but it is equally against American principles that profits arising from the franchises, exchanges, and transportation of an entire community should be diverted into the pockets of a few. The strike and the boycott are civil war on a small scale, recognized by laboring men themselves as only expedients adopted to resist greater hardships. They are fully offset by the shut-down and the black-list. All sorts of bills are before our legislatures, both state and national, aimed at

remedying our social system. Most of them are restrictive, paternal, socialistic, un-American measures which strike at the root of all our institutions—individual liberty. Are we not sadly departing from the ideal of our forefathers? Holding that “all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights,” have we not permitted to grow up in the United States conditions which interfere with this natural equality and restrict the exercise of individual industry and enterprise? In other words, while decrying socialism as a foreign importation, hostile to the spirit of our institutions, are we not ourselves guilty of unjustly hampering the citizen in things which affect his life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness? Are we socialists?

Obviously the answer to this question depends upon the meaning attached to socialism, and in defining socialism it is necessary to distinguish between the various forms proposed as the proper means for the collective exercise of functions relating to society as a whole. Such terms as nihilism, communism, anarchy, are frequently confounded by good writers and otherwise accurate thinkers. Socialism and anarchy are almost universally spoken of as synonymous. Yet the fact is that they are at the very opposite poles of the social sphere. To mistake socialism for anarchy is to confound black with white.

The discovery of the New World by Columbus offered an outlet for the overcrowded and oppressed populations of Europe. It foreshadowed the end of ecclesiastical tyranny and class government. Growing up in America in the absence of the reactionary and repressive forms of European rule, the new nations could not fail to become deeply imbued with the spirit of freedom; and as soon as they acquired a little strength, the people shook off the yoke of the parent country and in most cases established republics. This success had a profound influence in creating a strong tendency towards popular government in Great Britain and on the Continent. But it soon became apparent that political freedom alone would not secure to the individual the exercise of his natural rights. It was found to be a means and not an end.

The Democracy of America asserted broadly that all men were created equal; but when they came to apply this doc-

trine, it was found that some men, whose skins were black, were denied freedom and equal rights. Hence, after the country had become consolidated and our wars of independence, liberation, and conquest had been ended, the question of chattel slavery became the irrepressible conflict. The Democrats set up the idea of state rights, while the Republicans held that no violation of natural justice could be tolerated in any part of a civilized nation, and that right and wrong could not be bounded by state lines. They were more Democratic than their opponents. The abolitionists of the days before the war were called socialists.

In Europe the fact that the reins of government were still in the hands of the idle and privileged classes produced a very different phase of social growth. The aristocracy sought to maintain their fast-diminishing power by all sorts of repressive enactments, which of course resulted in resistance and revolution. Thus while the path of progress has been comparatively peaceful in America, in Europe it has been marked by almost continual bloodshed. The union of church and state, the identification of the laws of God and the interests of the nobility, led many of the seekers after liberty to imagine that the freedom of the people could only be obtained by a destruction of all ideas of God and religion. Others went further and struck at the foundations of social order, the family tie and sexual morality. Others wished to destroy all government whatever. The various systems thus evolved have all been called socialistic.

If by socialism is meant any collective action by society, then all forms of government by the people, whether constitutional monarchies or republics, are more or less socialistic. The post office becomes a socialistic institution. This is hardly a proper use of the word; at least, it does not meet general acceptance as such. There are easily drawn distinctions between communism, Fourierism, nihilism, anarchy, democracy and republicanism, and between all of these and socialism. True, they lap over and run into one another, but the difference is always discernible by careful analysis.

Communism relates to the possession of goods, and is not necessarily political in its nature or confined to any particular form of government. Its fundamental principle consists in the negation of individual rights in property. It seeks to abolish the irksome conditions of poverty by estab-

lishing a state of things in which the personal possessions of all belong to the community, and the fruits of the labor of all are shared by each member. As the collective capacity of all to produce is much greater than the labor of all the individuals added together, it is argued that in a communistic state of society each one would have an abundance. This is quite true, if the individuals composing the community would labor for the general welfare as industriously as they would for themselves, and if the resulting product could be equitably divided. Then, if these things could be accomplished, there would also be question of the justice of the arrangement. The only tolerable basis for such a state would be the consent of the individuals forming the community. While this might be practicable on a small scale, as with certain religious bodies whose members hold all things in common, there still remains the glaring injustice of allotting to some more than they earn, and detracting from what is justly due to others. Enforced communism, to say the least, is totally opposed to the spirit of American institutions, which would give to every man the full measure of justice to which he is entitled.

Fourier's system was one of industrial co-operation, but he extended it to the family relation, and would have marriage abolished. He advocated the removal of all restrictions on human passions. He did not seem to reflect that the marriage tie was no more a restriction on human passions than the attraction of gravitation is on the material universe. Both are required for the stability—the one of the moral, the other of the physical world. It is not fair to class as restrictions those laws which arise from the nature of things. A law against wrong doing is not a restriction. The liability to err is not an advantage. It is like a minus quantity in algebra, which, added to a plus quantity, always reduces the amount. Human passions, like everything else in nature, have their legitimate object and fulfilment. The marriage tie is not a restriction but a proper direction, without which society could not exist. As to co-operation it is generally of immense advantage in production, but it is difficult of application on a large scale, and an equitable distribution of the products would be attended with almost insuperable difficulties. Besides that, it could only depend for its sanction on the consent of the individuals forming the community.

The very regulation of Fourier's phalanges would impose restrictions far more irksome than any that exist under the present state of society.

Nihilism is the common appellation of the Russian variety of misdirected socialism which rejects the idea of authority in religion and in politics. Driven to secret conspiracy through the repressive measures of the Russian government, it has resorted to force in return. Viewed from its destructive side it has many points in common with anarchy; and the father of Russian nihilism, Bakunin, distinctly proclaimed his abhorrence of all law. But the constitution of the nihilist organization is contradictory of this ultimate individualism. The directing power is a strongly centralized body; and their leaders have frequently asserted that if a constitutional government should be adopted, their revolutionary agitation would cease. In their federalistic tendency the nihilists resemble the Republicans of the United States.

Anarchy, properly speaking, is the antipodes of socialism. It would abolish all government, and leave individuals subject only to natural laws. In a perfect state of society, the anarchists claim, men would do right without any laws. Education and self-control would rule the individual, and any other kind of regulation would be an unwarranted interference with personal freedom. Communities would be formed of individuals attracted to each other by a similarity of tastes and desires. If a member of one of these groups became dissatisfied, he would leave it and join some other group more congenial to his tastes. Truth, justice, and honor would be followed for their own sake, and not through fear of any repressive laws. The idea of the anarchists is much like that which the saints of old had of the condition of the blessed in heaven: they would be so attracted by the infinite beauty and goodness, that their hearts and minds would forever freely love, worship, and praise the Deity, and forever find happiness in so doing. Theoretical anarchy may thus be defined as a state of society in which every one does as he pleases without doing wrong. Indeed, such perfect anarchy is only possible in heaven. As long as men are subject to the physical necessities of the body, it is morally certain that there will be a clash of material interests which requires regulation; and such regulation implies government. The trouble with many anarchists, however, is that

they wish to bring about their system by violence, if necessary, and consider the first step towards its attainment to be the forcible destruction of present systems of government. In theory they simply carry out to an exaggerated absurdity the doctrine of non-interference with personal liberty, that "the best government is that which governs least."

Democracy, the government of the people through chosen representatives, aims at the regulation of the affairs of society by law, but in such a way that the freedom of the individual is interfered with as little as possible. It limits the powers of government to the maintenance of the public peace, and denies to it distributive functions. The exaggerated Democratic idea, for instance, would not allow a standing army, and would prevent government control of the railroads or telegraphs, through fear that a large standing army of employees would be interested in perpetuating a particular administration or party, and thus really destroy government by the people. Logically, they limit the powers of government by state lines, and seek to still further divide responsibility by county and municipal legislatures.

Republicanism aims at the greatest good of the greatest number, without much respect for state lines or theoretical distinctions. It is centralizing and socialistic, while Democracy is decentralizing and anarchistic. It asks whether the object sought would have a good effect, rather than whether the means proposed are strictly in accordance with precedent. Prohibition, for instance, which aims at the abolition of the evil of drunkenness, the regulation of the manufacture of imitation butter, and all sumptuary laws, find more sympathy with Republicans than with Democrats. In theory, state sovereignty might have prevented the abolition of slavery.

True socialism is higher and broader than any of these systems. If we accept the dictionary definition—"a theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly, and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed,"—few should be ashamed to be called socialists. Their avowed object, the "abolition of industrial slavery," is a good one. The means, however, which they propose would simply substitute slavery of another kind: the subjection of the individual to the state. In the socialist congress held at Gotha in 1875, they thus define their plan:—

"The emancipation of the working class demands the transformation of the instruments of labor into the common property of society and the co-operative control of the total labor, with application of the product of labor to the common good, and just distribution of the same."

Such a system would hardly tend towards emancipation. True, it would abolish the exploitation of laborers by capitalists; but if working men could establish it, they would find it to be a more galling slavery than that of old. The fallacy of socialism may be shown in its declarations adopted at the congress referred to:—

"Labor is the source of all wealth and all culture; and as useful work in general is possible only through society, so to society—that is, to all its members—belongs the entire product of labor by an equal right, to each one according to his reasonable wants, all being bound to work.

"In the existing society the instruments of labor are a monopoly of the capitalist class; the subjection of the working class thus arising is the cause of misery and servitude in every form."

Now that is simply untrue. Labor is not the source of all wealth; it is only one factor of production. Deny to labor any access to the great storehouse of nature,—the earth,—and how much wealth can it produce? Labor is the active factor, land the passive factor. Bring the two together, and you have all the requisites for the production of wealth. Again, "useful work in general" is quite as possible through individuals as through society. Indeed, the better class of work, as has frequently been observed, is that done by individuals. Machine-made goods or factory goods are generally acknowledged to be inferior to hand-made goods of the same class.

Besides that, it would be an outrageous violation of property rights to take from any man that which he has earned, and distribute it among his fellows without his full and free consent. Even with this consent such a method should never be resorted to whenever there is any other way of relieving those who cannot help themselves. Those who are able to help themselves should earn their own living, as they all could if access to the passive factor of production were unimpeded. The instruments of labor are themselves but products of labor a little further removed from their

source. They can soon be reconstructed by labor. Place a community in a fertile land, and give them free access to the soil, and in a few years they would have constructed for themselves instruments of labor sufficient to make them wealthy. What else has been the chief lesson of the first three hundred and fifty years of American history?

It is socialistic to make the revenues of the government a burden on industry. Revenues there must be, but they should not bear upon industry. In fact, the taxation of any product of labor is simply taking from the laborer part of his earnings. To such an extent we are socialists. Any other form of taxation than that on the value of land is essentially socialistic because any other tax is passed on from the seller to the consumer, and takes part of the latter's earnings, without compensation, for use by the community. Any tax on earnings is socialistic, although it may not go so far as to take all a man earns. The substitution for our present system of a single tax amounting to the full rental value of land would sound the death-knell of socialism.

While we sin so deeply in our present bungling, socialistic way by forcing individuals to give up part of the proceeds of their labor, by fining a man who builds a house more than if he were maintaining a public nuisance, by tariffs which hinder trade with foreign countries, and add millions to private fortunes at the expense of the people, and by a thousand indirect taxes which make life harder for men without their being able easily to see the reason, on the other hand we foolishly leave to individuals those great agencies which are the outcome of social growth—the product of the inventive genius of a few men, if you like, but which after a time grow so powerful as to become the very arbiters of life and death. Prominent among such agencies are the railroad and the telegraph. They can crush communities out of existence and enrich the owners at the expense of their fellow-men. They have already become the chief source of corruption in government. The ownership of these agencies by the community becomes a necessity for the continuance of social progress. Otherwise these monopolies can go on increasing and concentrating until a few persons are enabled, through them, to appropriate the wealth of a community. In so far as socialism demands the state ownership of agencies of this nature, it is proceeding in the

right direction. There are many other agencies besides the railroad and the telegraph, such as the supply of water, gas, light, heat, telephones, and means of transit and communication, in which the American idea of free competition is a fallacy.

Here we are too individualistic. The right to make war and peace was long ago taken from individuals and vested in the community. So at a later stage was the carriage of letters. National quarantines, boards of health, public schools, are all examples of applied socialism in its legitimate sense. But why should we stop here? The existence of such great monopolies as the railroad and the telegraph are a standing menace to the life of the republic. Let us munificently reward the inventors of appliances which shall add to the comfort and convenience of the community, but allow these agencies to be owned perpetually by individuals never!

We are socialistic where we should respect the rights of the individual, and we are individualistic where individualism is a crime against the commonwealth. And so we go blundering on. When our stupid and oppressive system leads men to cry out against it, and riot and murder follow, we hang a few anarchists. When monopolists, grown bold through long years of immunity, attempt to rob a little more openly, by pools and combinations or by direct bribery, we create interstate commissions to watch them, or we send a few to prison, allowing others to escape to Canada; repressing a little here those who complain too loudly, where we should rather rectify their grievances, and lopping off a little there the enormous unearned profits, which we should abolish altogether.

Meanwhile our two classes of tramps are increasing: those who travel around the world in floating palaces, living upon the toil of others, without using their capital in any legitimate enterprise, and those who go afoot, pilfering from cornfields and hen-roosts — both classes an unjust burden on a hard-working, long-suffering community.

We have arrived at a critical period of our history, where we must meet the demands of social progress, or our civilization will perish as surely as did the fallen empires of former ages. Already the mutterings of revolt are growing louder and louder, while upstart monopoly was never so

insolent and imperious as it is to-day. Let us be warned in time, and, discarding all half measures, face the issue like men, and not go on, trusting to luck, foolishly dreaming that somehow, at some time, existing wrongs will right themselves.

A NOTABLE BOOK OF TRAVELS.

BY PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, D. D., CLAYTON MCMICHAEL,
THOMAS W. KNOX, AND SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

I.

THE book of Mrs. Sheldon is commended by the fact that it records an effort to separate exploration from murder. Père Marquette and William Penn had proved the possibility of such a way of peace, but humanity seems to learn more rapidly lessons of blood than lessons of mercy. Many men are wont to measure their worth by their ability to grind things to powder. There is a type of mind which is fond of lording it over both man and beast. Of this type this century is still too abundantly supplied. The maxim of the animal tamer, that "wild beasts are made docile by blows and hunger," prevails with many minds which by some stroke of misfortune are called upon to deal with the souls and bodies of men. In the face of all the evidence that kindness will touch the heart of a savage, Africa had just been explored by means of gun and lash. It seemed time for the same Africa to be explored by a woman. The moral lesson is many times more valuable than the lesson in geography. The book may well act as an instrument to erase the blood marks from other recent tablets of history.

May French-Sheldon possessed wonderful fitness for such a journey into the Dark Continent. From girlhood she had been fond of personal achievement. A negative life seemed intolerable. The facility with which she learned the arts of sculptor and critic, translator, conversationalist, and fashionable woman might have led her friends to suspect that she could cross a continent even if the roads were bad and the inhabitants barbarous. To her singular nature all tasks were easy. Even when prostrated again and again with bleeding of the lungs, she always said with a smile, "I shall be out in a few days." She had always been self-adequate.

The expeditions of Mr. Stanley had not only created a new interest in the facts and affairs of Africa, but they had made many a woman wonder whether the common law of kindness were not applicable to the black race. Mrs. Sheldon soon reached the conclusion that all human beings resemble each other, and that what is human nature in England would be human nature in

Africa. The worth of the volume is therefore largely a moral worth; it being a demonstration that friendship, like the pen, is mightier than the sword. There are no discoveries or novelties set down in the volume. The photographs and the text combine to make us feel that Africa is not far away.

These expeditions ought to remind the civilized nations that these black tribes are a part of themselves, and should be cared for as relatives in distress. When the old Dutch merchants and the English captains began to steal or buy negroes, three hundred years ago, they found the poor blacks capable of homesickness, capable of appreciating liberty, some of them committing suicide rather than be sold into slavery. The long sweep of three centuries has not sufficed to awaken the sympathy of the more intelligent races. The negroes are still the victims of the white man's avarice and cruelty. The slave trade is not suppressed, and the white explorer leaves a desert behind him. One of the most significant chapters in the book of Mrs. Sheldon is that one in which she speaks of the use the German explorers make of big drums, big guns, and all big fusses in general. Such facts are amusing to us Americans, but to the Africans the noise did not imply any great amount of amusement. It was not difficult for the innocent natives to commit some act which made the German noise turn into murder.

All who read the account of this last expedition (*dux femina facti*) will enjoy the accounts of the skill and taste of those interior tribes; but they will wonder what has kept the sciences, arts, cultivation, and morals of Europe away from such a vast area. Soil and climate invite rather than repel. It is probable that the globe has thus far been too large for our use; that we have not had Christianity or goodness enough to cover it. Before man will move to the margin he must be squeezed out at the centre.

Perhaps Africa will soon be settled as the continent of Australia was settled. It has been just a hundred years since the colonization of that island began in good earnest. Melbourne was founded as late as 1837, and now has a population of a half-million. Within a lifetime the colony has become a nation, which at times gives some hint of a desire to become a republic. The unrest and suffering which are resulting in Europe and Great Britain from the absence of land and the expenses of living may soon compel emigration to turn towards those vast reserved lands which a woman can now easily explore. A woman has robbed Africa of its terrors. It will henceforth be easy for civilization to spread over that land. The difficulty of late generations has been that civilization has not made the attempt to migrate thither. Those white people who repaired to Africa went to steal negroes or to annihilate noble elephants.

Mrs. Sheldon's book recalls to mind many of the details given in the journal of Captain Speke, and the expedition of Speke confirmed stories which Dutch travellers related three hundred years ago. The negro girls who were visited by Captain Speke wore more pounds of iron rings than Mrs. Sheldon assigns to any one dusky maiden. The iron rings on the legs and arms of a fashionable negress amounted to almost as much in pounds as the person could lift. Credit must be given to Speke for meeting one group of women to whose tents and abodes Mrs. Sheldon did not penetrate. These women gloried in what in England is called "stoutness." It was a maxim of high society that the more a girl weighed the more beautiful she was to be declared. That the infant daughters might reach this form of merit, the mothers forced down their throats all the cream and milk each child could possibly contain. It thus came to pass that the English traveller found girls of such weighty beauty that they could not walk. They lay upon mats or tiger skins to be the ideals of the tribe. It is a matter of regret that in 1863 Captain Speke had not with him that photographic art and outfit which enabled Mrs. Sheldon to present her readers with the lifelike image of all objects, animate and inanimate, from a negro boy, man, or woman to a boa-constrictor. A picture of a negro girl, toiling hard to make her waist large, would make a good companion picture for an American girl in the attitude of lashing in her waist with strong cords.

The serious reader of this volume will reach the conclusion that the work of the Christian missionary is too slow and too narrow to meet the wants of that continent. A movement by the industrial forces of society is most demanded. The settlement of America began along the James River in the desire of mankind for land, timber, and in general for room and food. The schoolhouse and the church have travelled all over this land, but only in company with agriculture and the mechanical arts. The gold mines of California peopled and civilized the Pacific Coast; the grass fields of the West are, through the herds of cattle, to make the West a part of the Christian world. Thus Africa is waiting not simply for religion, but for religion and saw mills, hymn books and ploughs; not only for Sundays of worship, but for Mondays of rational work. It would seem, from the journey made by Mrs. Sheldon, that the women of the Christian nations might adopt Africa as an arena of general utility, and might induce tens of thousands of good persons who are half-starved in the older world, to migrate and grow rich in the neglected gardens of the luxuriant South.

DAVID SWING, Chicago, Ill.

II.

A JOURNALIST'S CRITICISM.

In her just published book Mrs. M. French-Sheldon makes a charming story of her journey "From Sultan to Sultan." It is a graphic narrative of African travel, filled with modest mention of hardships and dangers. There is a subtle fascination in the constant outcropping of womanly sentiment. There is a continuing delight in the picturesque portrayal of scenes and incidents among a yet uncivilized and sometimes savage people, in whose unfamiliar manners and strange customs this brilliant and courageous authoress and voyager has awakened, and will certainly magnify, a fresh and exciting interest. Mrs. Sheldon set out upon no crusade of conquest; projected no new disturbance of the creeds of science; paraded no promise to add other sheaves to the never fully gleaned harvest of geographical knowledge. She had a purpose not less determined, not less thoughtful, not less adventurous than any of these. In her burned the woman's will to know, the woman's generous desire to communicate, the woman's indomitable bravery to master, the home laws and habits of the aboriginal Africans, at the thresholds of whose dwelling-places every previous explorer had been turned away uninformed.

The holiday attire which this book wears, and the profusion of its rich illustrations—reproducing with artistic taste many of the quaint objects procured by Mrs. Sheldon, and some of the life copying pictures of men and places photographed by her during her African marches—symbol a disposition impregnated with the impulses of luxury and ease. Her provision for comfort and convenience carried across plain and mountain, through thicket and jungle, dainty appointments of toilet and of table, with gowns and housings which might fitly have apparelled a queen or covered from sun or storm the jauntiest of summer idlers. It is made clearly understood, however, that the splendid robes and dazzling jewels were a carefully considered part of the paraphernalia of ceremonial with which she received the greetings of the native tribes; while the sheltering palanquin, the unnumbered accessories to proper service for a fastidious appetite, and the well-stocked dressing-cases had been so deftly designed by their ingenious owner that no veteran campaigner could have sensibly trespassed within the lines of uncultivated wilds with less weight, or smaller compass, of baggage or accoutrements for individual use.

Something because of these ever recognizable evidences of feminine delicacy, the achievement of this softly reared gentlewoman commands the best tributes of respect, of wonder, and of admiration. Yet, reading one after another the pages which tell

of a well-accomplished errand, and aroused often to the thrill of sympathy by brief and not boastful references to fatigues endured or risks encountered, the fact continually asserts itself that Bébé Bwana — "the woman master," as the natives quickly christened her — carried in her heart, untokened by her low-toned and musically modulated voice or by her lithe and youthful figure, an intrepid courage, allied to that indescribable power of control which, like the inspiration of the poet, is born, not made.

The statements which have been published concerning the distinguished ancestry of Mrs. Sheldon and those relating to her participation in the healthful and invigorating pastimes and occupations of life on the sparsely settled frontiers of the United States help to make clear that she started into the African forests fortified by heroic grit, the heritage of staunch and honest blood, supplemented by the sense of self-reliance which is the offspring of the touch and training of the American Border. That she had so well surmounted many previous obstacles in the paths to the goals of earlier ambitions, must have encouraged her to this great undertaking, in which, as the contents of this sumptuous book from the press of THE ARENA prove, she needed every strength of will and limb.

At no moment during her long tramp does this spirited traveler seem to have lacked the perception to know or the ability to do, with equal promptitude, that which the exigency of the instant demanded, whether the occasion of action was unimportant or involved peril to her own life or to the progress of her expedition. This the readers of her interesting story will learn often from inference, and at other times from her own ingenuous descriptions of deeds of daring, or of tests of endurance, difficult to associate or identify with the personality of one whose domestic life, recently saddened by the most profound and most immeasurable of bereavements, has ever been notable for all that springs from refinement and tenderness.

The vigilant representatives of foreign and American newspapers have taken from Mrs. Sheldon's lips a part of the difficulties overcome by this plucky American woman who trod nearly a thousand miles of hill and dale in tropical Africa, at the head of a caravan of a hundred blacks, recruited, armed, commanded, and paid by herself. A few privileged audiences have listened to Mrs. Sheldon recite from the lecture platform, with graceful unconventionality, a portion of her unusual experiences. These have been but whettings to the eager appetite which will feed greedily upon the successive chapters of "From Sultan to Sultan." Between its covers lie constant and recurrent demonstrations that true bravery, keen intelligence, and persistent purpose do not lose their resistless force though covered by a female garb.

Here is enough of excitement, instruction, and adventure. Mrs. Sheldon gives us a personal story, bringing through incident and illustration a better knowledge of a rarely traversed territory almost in its virgin wildness, and of the traits and character of a people still governed by primitive practices and traditions. She has not attempted to compile a text-book for the schools, neither has she made the phrasing of her narrative of greater importance than its substance. She has made lavish expenditure of her strength and of her wealth to learn the hearthstone modes of African sultans and their subjects; and what she acquired at so great a cost, her book displays in a delighting form.

CLAYTON McMICHAEL.

III.

OPINION OF A WELL-KNOWN TRAVELLER.

"Sultan to Sultan" is a remarkable book,—remarkable in more ways than one. There are men whose writings resemble those of women, and women whose writings resemble those of men, but there are not many writers who present at the same time the characteristics of the productions of both sexes. If the author of "Sultan to Sultan" had published her book anonymously and omitted various paragraphs and illustrations which tell us about herself, the reader would be puzzled to determine the sex of the writer. Opening at some of the pages, he would say, "This is certainly a woman's book." The fine play of fancy here and there, the delicate touches of description of foliage and scenery, the warm sympathy with the women of the tribes that she visited, and her keen appreciation of every effort of the rude barbarians among whom she travelled to give pleasure to the stranger within their gates, would tell him that the book came from a feminine hand. Opening at other pages, he would say, "This is a man's book; it must be a man's book. I know it from the careful attention to detail, the minuteness of description, the absence of glittering generalities, the display of painstaking care in everything that pertained to the preparation for and prosecution of the journey, and furthermore, last but not least, the writer of the volume was not thrown into hysterics by close contact with a rat."

No traveller of Africa has given us a volume that surpasses this in interest, and there are not many who have equalled it. From the moment that Mrs. Sheldon embarks on the train and struggles with the difficulties of taking along her palanquin as personal luggage, till she returns from her adventurous journey, and in broken health is clasped in the arms of her husband, there is not a dull page or line in the volume. Her accounts of Suez

and Aden give new touches to the pictures of those oft-described places. With the greatest good nature, she tells us how she was made the victim of a practical joke by the officers of the steamer *Madura*. Her description of the famous water tanks of Aden is full of interest and so are her accounts of that singular people, the Somalis, and especially the portrayal of the Somali queen. Unconsciously she reveals to us in advance the amount of determination in her character, as she tells about the "Obstacle" that came in her way at the very outset of her undertaking, and how she overcame it. An admirable picture she gives of the Frere Town Mission at Mombasa and the good it has accomplished. In fact, more is learned in this volume concerning the missions in Africa than in the volume of any previous traveller not connected in some way with those philanthropic establishments. It is safe to say that a sensation would be created by the appearance on Fifth Avenue or Regent Street of the natives she describes on page 72, as follows:—

The women and girls are clothed in white cotton dresses, made like a chemise, bedecked with a Turkey-red stripe around the skirt, low neck and short sleeves. Most of them have their ear lobes distended to an accepted size by a painful method of introducing graduated plugs; then they wear as an ornament leaves of young palms coiled very tightly and trimmed so as to display the white veining that runs through the centre of the leaf, which makes a spiral and looks very pretty. Some of the grander natives disport fine brass ornaments. They are permitted to wear their bead necklaces and bracelets. The girls who have not their hair shaven tight to their head coiffure it in an elaborate and intricate fashion.

Nearly every traveller in Africa has many annoyances and disappointments at the outset, and Mrs. Sheldon was no exception to the rule. She was unable to obtain at Mombasa the porters necessary for her expedition, and was therefore obliged to go to Zanzibar. However inconvenient this may have been to herself, it was fortunate for the readers of her book, because it gives them an introduction to the Sultan of Zanzibar and a peep into his harem such as would not be accorded to any traveller of the sterner sex. The fair explorer seems to have found her way very promptly into the good graces of the Sultan, as she obtained from him a special letter to any Arab caravans she might encounter on her route through the country—a letter which was certainly of great advantage to her during her travels. The power of the Sultan was also exercised on her behalf in the matter of obtaining porters, without which a journey in the interior of Africa is an absolute impossibility. When she reached Zanzibar there were no porters to be had; so many caravans had been equipped for the German and British expeditions and also for private parties and Arab caravans, that the supply was exhausted; but as soon as

Mrs. Sheldon interviewed the Sultan, there was a different face to the picture. She was able to leave Zanzibar shortly afterward for Mombasa with one hundred and thirty-eight men. The expedition had the usual difficulties of making a start from Mombasa, and it is to the credit of their leader that there were fewer desertions before and during the first day's march than is generally recorded by other travellers in Africa.

We are introduced to many habits and customs of the people of East Africa, but the limits of space prevent our giving even a hundredth part of what has been set before us. On page 138 and succeeding pages, there is a delightful story of a porter who was famous for his strength, and one is moved to laughter at the sufferings of the poor fellow in endeavoring to oblige his employer by holding his tongue. In consequence of his great strength, he was allowed to be at the head of the caravan, and this brought him very near to the leader, whose ears were greatly wearied by his perpetual talking and singing in a loud voice. After enduring it as long as possible, Mrs. Sheldon called him before her, complimented him upon his work and the attention he had shown her, and ended by telling him she could not endure hearing him scream continuously as he did, and if he did not cease his noise, he would be ordered to the rear. He kept silent, and at the end of the day, when she complimented him upon his obedience, he declared that he was very happy, but had broken out with prickly heat in consequence of his endeavors to be silent. The same man, whose name was Kara, one day saw our heroine about to step on an ant's nest which was concealed from sight by overgrowing grass, when the following incident happened: "Like a whirlwind, something suddenly grasped me about the waist, lifting me up from the ground, and seemed to dart on the wings of the air, away beyond on the open plain, when I was as suddenly dropped, and then discovered my captor to have been Kara, my strong man, as he prostrated himself, his face pressed close on the ground in the dust, pleading pathetically, "Bébé Bwana; siafu! siafu!" (ants! ants!) So it was that this ever-watchful porter, seeing me unwittingly about to step upon the vicious ants, himself knowing from sad experience what a terror they are to man and beast, had dropped his load, unceremoniously seizing me, had carried me beyond the danger."

This incident introduces us to an account of the ferocious character of these ants. They attack human beings in great droves, and have been known to compel the removal of an entire camp during the middle of the night. Their bite is painful to all and poisonous to many; in their periods of migration, they move in great armies, devastating the country by eating away the grass along their line of march. There are other ants that build

mounds of sand which look like the battlements of a palace or bastion. The termites, or white ants, destroy great trees in a forest, devouring the entire wood and leaving the outer bark to stand in apparent solidity, but ready to fall at the slightest pressure against it. We are told that they will attack the foundations of any wooden structure however massive, and that frequently wooden boxes placed on the ground for the night will be riddled by them, leaving only a mere veneering of the wood, which falls into dust the moment it is touched. Mrs. Sheldon tells us that a native woman of that part of Africa invariably carries her infant upon her back in a hide or cloth while at work pounding corn or millet, or when tilling the soil, as she is afraid to place the child on the ground lest it should be eaten by the ants. Besides ants there are mosquitoes and stinging flies in great numbers, and it is necessary for every traveller to be provided with strong mosquito nets and with squares of gauze or netting to wear over the sun hat. Then there are flesh-burrowers, called "jiggers," that burrow under the toe and finger nails and not infrequently cause the loss of fingers or toes and sometimes of hands or feet. There are grass ticks, which dig into the flesh and breed there with great rapidity, unless they are taken out. We are introduced to much of the animal life of Africa; and as most of the animals are wild, their performances are not always of a pleasant character. At nearly every encampment in the interior it was necessary to maintain fires and keep a careful watch to prevent the intrusion of unwelcome creeping or prowling things. As an incident of African camp life, the following will serve for illustration:—

One night, experiencing great fatigue, I fell into a profound slumber lying in my palanquin within my tent, when I suddenly awoke with a shuddering apprehension of danger, and possessed by an instinctive feeling of the presence of some harmful thing. Involuntarily seizing my knife and pistol, I cried out, "Who is there?" No answer. Then I called out for the *askari* on guard, at the same time tried to penetrate the darkness, when I became aware, through the atmospheric conditions surrounding me, that a cold, clammy, moving object was above me, in truth almost touching me, on the top of my palanquin, the rattans of which were cracking as if under the pressure of a mangle. I was struggling to alide out of the palanquin without rising from my recumbent position, to avoid touching the thing, when the *askari* entered carrying a lantern, to my abject horror revealing to me the object I had intuitively dreaded. My blood fairly seemed to congeal in my veins at the spectacle; it was an enormous python, about fifteen feet long, which had coiled around the top of the palanquin, and at that moment was ramping and thrusting its head out, searching for some attainable projection around which to coil its great, shiny, loathsome length of body. Seeing the python, the *askari* immediately yelled wildly out for help, and in a moment a dozen stalwart porters pitched in a merciless way with their knives upon the reptile, slashing and cutting its writhing body into inch bits. I am not ashamed to confess it was the supreme

fear of my life, and almost paralyzed me. I came very near collapsing and relinquishing myself to the nervous shock; but there was no time for such an indulgence of weakness; there were other sequences to be considered.

Mrs. Sheldon pushed her explorations to the base of Mount Kilimanjaro, explored the hitherto unexplored Lake Chala, and, as the title of her book implies, proceeded from "Sultan to Sultan," and was received in every instance with all the honors due to a great personage. In her history may be said to have repeated itself. Many hundred years ago Ethiopia was invaded by an Assyrian queen. In these modern days the invasion was by an American queen, and the honors showered by the kings of Ethiopia upon Semiramis were renewed in those which were given to Bébé Bwana. It was a fine stroke of diplomacy on Mrs. Sheldon's part to carry with her a gorgeous dress in which she arrayed herself on every occasion when she was to meet one of the Sultans of Africa. To this dress was added a profusion of ornaments, a jewelled sword, and other gorgeous trappings. What wonder, then, that the Sultans on her line of travel regarded her as a personage of great importance and sought to do everything in their power to facilitate her journey! They had no reason to do otherwise than accord her a kindly greeting. Unlike many of the African explorers of recent years, she went on a mission of peace; she bore in her hand, not the sword, but the olive branch. One has only to compare the account of her journey with that of the German Dr. Peters in the same year and note the contrast. Mrs. Sheldon's journey did not require the taking of a single human life, while that of Dr. Peters was a tour of slaughter from beginning to end.

We learn much in this volume of that hitherto little known people, the Masai, of their ways of life, their manners and customs in peace and in war, their dresses, their arms and equipments, and not a little about their thoughts, passions, and feelings. Especially do we learn about their women, among whom Mrs. Sheldon went freely and was able, in consequence of her sex, to ascertain many things which by no possibility could ever reach the eyes or ears of a male traveller. But there is no space here for even the briefest summary of her wealth of information concerning the Masai, and the reader must refer to the book, which he will find of fascinating interest from the first page to the last.

THOMAS W. KNOX.

IV.

AN EMINENT ENGLISH POET, CRITIC, AND JOURNALIST'S VIEW.

I have read with pleasure and admiration Mrs. French-Sheldon's book of African travel, entitled "Sultan to Sultan." Not only does it exhibit in a unique way *quid foemina possit*, the self-reliance and resourcefulness of a courageous woman, but the spirit of it—gentle and fearless—is the right spirit of intercourse with native Africans, and its contents are not merely notes of a "globe-trotter," but the shrewd and valuable contribution to ethnology of a good observer. It has been my happy portion to be partially acquainted with all the modern explorers of the Dark Continent from the illustrious Livingstone down the honored line of Speke and Grant, Burton, Moffat, Cameron, Stanley, Johnston, and I consider the authoress of "Sultan to Sultan" has bravely and plainly earned the right to rank with them, and I have placed her charming volume, with full respect, side by side with theirs in my library. So far from being a drawback upon the bold enterprise which this lady undertook, her sex gave her evidently vast advantages in many ways over all her masculine predecessors; and thus while I find matters of information in the book peculiar to itself, I believe Mrs. French-Sheldon knows more than she has written, and upon many important points of African social life is at present about our best authority.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE CORNER GROCERY.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

THE boss had not returned; in truth, the probability was the boss *would not* return that night, inasmuch as he had generously offered the bookkeeper, who was clerk as well, permission to go to *his* supper first. True, the subordinate had declined the honor; it being Christmas eve, Saturday night, close upon the heels of the new year, and the books of the establishment sadly in need of posting. The subordinate did not relish the prospect of a lonely Christmas, Sunday at that, on the tall stool behind the big desk among the cobwebs, mackerel and onion scents, sardine boxes, nail kegs, coils of barbed wire, soap-smelling cotton stuffs, molasses and coal oil. So he gave up his supper, and the half hour with the cripple (he sighed for the half hour more than for the supper), contented himself with a bite of cheese and a cracker, which he forthwith entered upon the book, as he had been ordered to do, in a clear, clerical hand: "*To S. Riley, cheese and crackers, .07.*" He wrote it in his best hand, to cover up the smallness of it, perhaps, for it was a *very small* entry. The subordinate's face wore something very like a sneer as he made it, although he had the consolation of knowing the smallness of the transaction was upon the side of the creditor.

It was a general kind of a store, was the grocery on the corner; a little out of the way, beyond the regular beat of the city folk, but convenient to the people of the suburbs. It wasn't a mammoth concern, although its stock was varied. The boss, the real owner of the establishment, and Riley, the bookkeeper, ran it, without other help than that of black Ben, the porter.

Riley was both bookkeeper, clerk, and, he sometimes suspected, general scapegoat to the proprietor. To-night he was left to attend to everything, for he knew the boss would not leave his warm hearth to trudge back through the snow to the little corner grocery *that* night. His daughter had come for him in a sleigh, and had carried him off, amid warm furs and the jingle of sleigh bells, to a cheery Christmas eve with his family.

The bookkeeper sighed as he munched his cheese. There was a little lame girl away up in the attic on Water Street that Riley called home. She would hear the sleigh bells go by and peep down from her dingy little window, and clap her hands, and wish "daddy would come home for Christmas too." There

wasn't any mother up there in the attic; for out in the cemetery, in the portion allotted to the common people, the snow was falling softly on the little mother's grave.

The clerk ate his cheese in silence. Suddenly he dropped his fist upon the desk heavily. "Sometimes I wish she was out there with her mother," he said. "Sometimes I wish it, 'specially at Christmas times. Let me see: she is ten years old to-night; we called her our 'Christmas gift,' and never a step have the little feet taken. Poor Julie! poor little Christmas snowbird! poor little Christmas sparrow! I always think of her somehow when the boys go by in the holidays with a string of dead birds they've shot. Poor little daughter!"

He sighed, and took up his pen; it was a busy season. A step caused him to look up; then he arose and went to wait upon a customer. It was a woman, and Riley saw that she had been weeping.

"Howdy do, Mrs. Elkins," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to know the price of potatoes, Mr. Riley," she replied.

"Sixty cents a bushel. How is the little boy to-night, Mrs. Elkins? Is he getting well for Christmas?"

"Yes," said the woman. "He's a'ready well; well an' happy. I fetched him to the graveyard this mornin'."

Riley dropped the potato he had taken from the tub, and looked up to see the woman's lip quiver.

"What's the price o' them potatoes?"

"Fifteen cents a peck."

She laid a silver dime upon the counter.

"Gimme them many," she said; "there's four more lef' to feed besides the dead one, though," she added quickly, "I—aint begrudin' of 'em victuals."

Riley measured a peck of the potatoes, and emptied them into her basket. Four mouths besides her own, and one little starveling left that day, "that blessed Christmas eve," in the graveyard. He found himself hoping, as he went back to the ledger, that they had buried the baby near his own dead. The big graveyard wouldn't feel so desolate, so weirdly lonesome, as he thought it must, to the dead baby, if the little child-mother, his young wife, could find it out there among all that array of the common dead. "*To S. Riley, 1-3 of peck of potatoes, .05,*" the blue blotter had copied, or absorbed the entry, made it double, as if the debt had already begun to draw interest. The clerk, however, had not noticed the blotter; other customers came in and claimed his attention. They were impatient too. It was a very busy night, and the books, he feared, would not be balanced after all. It was shabby, downright mean, of the boss not to come back at a time like this.

The new customer was old man Murdock from across the river, the suburbs. He had been rich once, owned a house up town, and belonged to the aristocracy. He had possessed the appurtenances to wealth, such as influence, leisure, *at one time*. He still was a gentleman, since nature, not circumstance, had had the care of that. Every movement, every word, the very set of the threadbare broadcloth, spoke the proud, the "well raised" gentleman of the Old South time. "Good evening," Mr. Riley, he said, when the clerk stumbled down from his perch. The male customers—they learned it from the boss, doubtless—called him "Riley." They generally said, "Hello, Riley." But the old Southerner was neither so rude nor so familiar. He said, "Good evening, Mr. Riley," much the same as he would have said to the president, "Good evening, Mr. —"; and he touched his long, white, scholarly looking finger to the brim of his hat, though the hat was not lifted. Riley said; "Good evening" *back again*, and wanted to know "what Mr. Murdock would look at." He would have put the question in the same way had Mr. Murdock still possessed his thousands; and he would have put it no less respectfully had the gentleman of fallen fortunes come a begging. There is that about a gentleman *commands* respect; great Nature willed it so.

The customer was not hurried; he remarked upon the weather, and thawed himself before the big stove (he never once broached the subject of Christmas, nor became at all familiar), pitied the homeless such a night, hoped it would freeze out the tariff upon wool; then he asked, carelessly, as men of leisure might, "What is the price of bacon, Mr. Riley?—by the hundred."

"Eight dollars a hundred, Mr. Murdock," said Riley.

The ex-millionnaire slipped his white forefinger into his vest pocket. After a moment's silence, during which Riley knew the proud old heart was breaking, though the calm face gave no sign of the struggle, "Put me up a dime's worth of the bacon, if you please."

Riley obeyed silently; he would no more have presumed to cover up the pathos of the proceeding by *talk* than he would have thought of offering a penny, in charity, to the mayor in the city. He put the transaction as purely upon a business footing as if the customer had ordered a round ton of something. He wrapped the meat in a sheet of brown paper, and received the stately "Good evening, sir," saw the white finger touch the hat brim as the customer passed out into the snow, then climbed back to his perch, thinking, as he did so, that of all poverty the poverty that follows fallen fortunes must be the very hardest to endure. There is the battle against old longings, long-indulged luxuries, past pleasures, faded grandeurs, dead dreams, living sneers, and

pride, that indomitable blessing, or curse, that never, *never* dies. God pity those poor who *have once* seen better days!

"*To S. Riley, 2 lbs. bacon, at 12 1-2 cts., 25.*" The book bore another entry. Riley put the blotter over it very quickly; he had a fancy the late customer was looking over his shoulder. He shouldn't like the old gentleman to see that entry, not by any means.

"Chris'mus gif', marster."

Another customer had entered. Riley closed the big ledger, and thrust it into the safe. The *day-book* would take up the balance of the evening.

"What can I do for you, Aunt Angie?" he said, going behind the counter to wait upon the old colored woman, who had passed the compliments of the season after the old slave custom.

She laughed, albeit her clothing was in rags, and the thin shawl gathered about her shoulders bore patches in blue and yellow and white.

"I koted yer Chris'mus gif', good marster; yer knows I did."

"But you're a little early, Aunt Angie," said the clerk; "this is only Christmas eve."

"Aw, git out, marster. De ole nigger got ter cook all day to-morrer—big Chris'mus dinner fur de whi' folks. No res' fur de ole nigger, not even et Chris'mus. Bress de Lord, it ain' come but onc't a year."

She laughed again, but under the strange merriment Riley detected the weariness that was *thankful*; aye, that thanked God that Christmas, the holiday of the Christ-child, came "but once a year."

Christmas! Christmas! old season of mirth and misery! Who really enjoys it, after all? Lazarus in the gutter or Dives among his coffers?

The clerk ran his eye along the counters, the shelves, and even took in the big barrels, pushed back, in the rear, out of the way.

"Well, Aunt Angie, what shall the 'gift' be?"

He could see the bare toes where her torn old shoes fell away from the stockingless feet. She needed shoes; he was about to go for a pair when she stopped him by a gesture.

"Dem ar things, marster," she said, pointing to a string of masks—gaudy, hideous things, festooned from the ceiling. "I wants one o' dem ar. De chillun 'll lack dat sho."

He allowed her to select one; it was the face of a king, fat, jovial, *white*. She enjoyed it like a child. Then, unwrapping a bit of soiled muslin, she took from it three pieces of silver, three bright, precious dollars. They represented precisely three fourths of her month's wages. She purchased a tin horn "fur de baby,

honey"; a candy sheep "fur Ephum, de naix un"; a string of yellow beads "fur Jinny. Dat yaller gal ain' got no reason — mint she am dat set on habin' dem beads"; a plug of tobacco "fur de ole man's Chris'mus"; a jew's harp "fur Sam; dat chile gwi l'arn music, he am"; a doll "fur Lill Ria; she's de po'ly one, Lill Ria am"; and last, "a dust ob corn meal ter make a hoe-cake fur dey alls Chris'mus dinner."

She had been lavish, poor beggar; without stint she had given her all; foolishly, perhaps, but she apologized in full for the folly: "It am Chris'mus, marster."

Aye, Christmas! wear your masks, poor souls; fancy that you are kings, kings. Dream that pain is a myth and poverty a joke. Make grief a phantom. Set red folly in the seat of grim doubt, pay your *devoirs* one day! To-morrow the curtain rises on the old scene; the wheels grind on; the chariots of the rich roll by, and your throat is choked with their dust; your day is over.

The clerk made his entry in the day-book, "*To S. Riley, one mask, 20,*" before he waited upon three newsboys who were tapping the floor with their boot heels, just in front of the counter.

The largest of the trio took the role of spokesman:—

"I want a pack o' firecrackers, mister; an' Jim wants one, an' so does Harry. Can't we have 'em all for ten cents?"

The clerk thrust his pen behind his ear.

"They are five cents a pack," he said.

"Can't you come down on *three* packs? They do up town, an' we aint got another nickel."

Riley read the keen interest of the transaction in the faces before him. But he had orders. "Couldn't do it, boys, sorry."

"Well, then,"—but a half sigh said *is wasn't* "well,"—"give us gum. We can divide that up anyhow."

It was a poor compromise—a very poor compromise. The voice, the very face of the little beggar expressed contempt. Riley hesitated. "Pshaw!" said he, "Christmas without a racket is just *no* Christmas to a boy. I know, for I've been a boy too. And it only comes once a year. Here, boys, take the three packs for ten cents, and run along and enjoy yourselves."

And as they scampered out, he sighed, thinking of two poor little feet that could never throw off their weight and run, as only childhood runs, not even at the Christmas time.

"*To S. Riley, 1 pack of firecrackers, .05.*"

Then it was the clerk took himself to task. He was a poor man on a small salary. He had a little girl to look after, a cripple, who would never be able to provide for herself, and for whom, in consequence, some one else must provide. She would expect a little something for Christmas too. And the good neighbor in the attic who kept an eye on the little one while Riley

was at work — he must remember her. It was so pleasant to give he wondered how a man with a full pocket must feel when he came face to face with suffering. God! if he could feel so once! just once have his pockets full! But he would never be rich; the boss had told him so often: he didn't know the value of a dollar. The head of the establishment would think so, verily, when he glanced over the night's entries in the day-book.

"Oh, well, Christmas comes but once a year!" he said, smiling, as he adopted the universal excuse.

Some one came in and he went forward again.

"No, he didn't keep liquor; he was outside the corporation line and came under the *four-mile* restriction."

"Just a Chris'mus toddy," said the customer that might have been. "Don't drink reg'lar. Sober's anybody all th' year, cep — Chris'mus. Chris'mus don't cum — don' cum but once year."

He staggered out, and Riley stepped to the door to watch him reel safely beyond the boss' big glass window.

There was another figure occupying the sheltered nook about the window. Riley discovered the pale, pinched little face pressed against the pane before he opened the door. The little waif was so utterly lost in wonder of the Christmas display set forth behind the big panes, that he did not hear the door open or know that he was observed until the clerk's voice recalled his wandering senses.

"See here, sonny, you are marring the glass with your breath. There will be ice on that pane in less than ten minutes."

The culprit started, and almost lost his balance as he grasped at a little wooden crutch that slipped from his numb fingers and rolled down upon the pavement.

"Hello!" The clerk stepped out into the night and rescued the poor little prop.

Humanity! Humanity! When all is told, thy great heart still is master.

"Go in there," the clerk pointed to the door, "and warm yourself at the fire. It is Christmas; all the world should be warm at Christmas."

The waif said nothing; it was enough to creep near to the great stove and watch the Christmas display from his warm, safe corner.

"There's that in the sound of a child's crutch strikes away down to my boots," the clerk told himself as he made an entry after the boy had left the store. "Whenever I hear one I — Hello! what is it, sissy?"

A little girl stood at the counter. A flaxen-haired, blue-eyed little maiden; alone, at night, and beautiful. Growing up for what?

Crippled feet, at all events, are not swift to run astray. The clerk sighed. The Christmas eve was full of shadows; shadows that would be lost in the garish day of the morrow. He leaned upon the counter. "What do you want, little one?"

"Bread."

Only a beggar understands that trick of asking simple *bread*. Ah, well! Christmas must have its starvelings too! The big blotter lingered upon the last entry. And when he did remove it to go and wait upon some new customers he quieted the voice of prudence with the reflection that his own wee one might stand at a bread counter some pitiless Christmas eve, and this loaf, sent upon the waters of mercy, might come floating back; who could tell since, — and the clerk smiled, —

"*The world goes 'round and 'round;
Some go up, and some go down.*"

The counter was crowded; it was nearing the hour for closing, and business was growing brisk. And some of the customers were provokingly slow, some of the poorer ones keeping the richer ones waiting. It isn't difficult to buy when there is no fear of the funds running short. There was one who bought oysters, fruit, and macaroni, ten dollars, all told, in less than half the time another was dividing twenty-five cents into a possible purchase of a bit of cheese, a strip of bacon, and a handful of dry beans. And old Mrs. Mottles, the shop girls' landlady at the big yellow tenement, up town a bit, took a full twenty minutes hunting over cheap bits of steak, stale bread, and a roast that "ought to go mighty low, seeing it was tolerble tough and some gristly." Riley was pretty well tired out when the last one left the store. He glanced at the clock: eleven ten; he had permission to close at eleven, and it was ten minutes after.

He went out and put up the shutters, came back, and began putting away the books.

The big ledger had been scarcely touched; he had been too busy to *post* that night.

"Mr. Riley? Mr. Riley? Just a minute before you close up, Mr. Riley."

He went back to the counter, impatiently; he was *very* tired. A woman with a baby in her arms stood there waiting.

"I am late," she said, "a'most *too* late. I want a bite for to-morrow. Give me what will go farthest for *that*."

She laid a silver quarter upon the counter.

"How many of you?" said Riley. "It might make a lunch for one" —

The woman shook her head.

"A drunkard counts for one when it comes to eatin', anyhow," she said, and laughed — a hard, bitter laugh. "He counts for

*some*thin' when he's drunk," she went on, the poor tongue made free by misery that would repent itself the morrow. "May be man, brute likely. I've got the proofs o' it."

She set the child upon the counter and pushed back her sleeve, glanced a moment at a long, black bruise that reached from wrist to elbow, then quickly lowered the sleeve again.

"Give me *some*thin' to eat, Mr. Riley, for the sake o' your own wife, sir, — an' the Christmas."

His own wife! Why she was safe; *safe* forever from misery like that. He almost shrieked it to the big blue blotter. And then he looked to see what he had written. He almost trembled, lest in his agony he had entered upon the master's well-ordered book his thought: "*Safe! Elizabeth Riley, under the snow — Christmas.*" He had written it *somewhere*, upon his heart, perhaps, but surely somewhere. The entry in the boss' book was all right; it read a trifle extravagantly, however: —

To T. Riley	Dr.
1 shoulder, 10 lbs. @ 10 cents	\$1 00
2 lbs. coffee @ 30 cents	60
2 lbs. sugar @ 12½ cents	25
3 doz. eggs @ 15 cents	45

"For the sake of the dead wife," he told the blue blotter, — the dead wife and the Christmas time. Then he thrust the book into the safe, turned the combination, looked into the stove, lowered the gas, and went home.

Home to the little attic and the crippled nestling. She was asleep, but a tiny red stocking, worn at the heel, but thoroughly clean, hung beside the chimney.

He tiptoed to the bed, and looked down at the little sleeper. There was a smile upon the baby lips, as if in dreams the little feet were made straight, and were skipping through sunny meadows, while their owner's hand was clasped fast in the hand of the hero of all childish adoration, — the mythical, magical Santa Claus.

The little hands were indeed clasped tightly upon a bit of cardboard that peeped from beneath the delicate fingers, upon the breast of the innocent sleeper. Riley drew it gently away. It was a Christmas card the neighbor-woman had picked up in some home of the rich where she had gone that day to carry home some sewing. It bore a face of Christ, a multitude, eager, questioning, and underneath a text: —

Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.

He sighed, thinking of the hungry horde, the fainting multitude at the grocery that Christmas eve.

His heart had ached for them; he understood so well what it was to be wretched, lonely, hungry. Not one of those he had helped had thanked him, in words; not one had wished him a Merry Christmas. Yet, for what he had done, because of it, the little red stocking by the chimney-place would be half empty. He hadn't missed their thanks, poor starvelings, and to say "Merry Christmas," would have been to mock. Yet he fancied a smile touched for an instant the lips of the pale Nazarene, those lips said to have *never* smiled, as he slipped the card to its place under the wee hands folded upon the child's heart.

And after a little while he was lying by her side, too tired to sleep, thinking of the unbalanced ledger and the books that must be posted before the year should end.

At last he slept. But the big ledger refused to leave him; even in dreams it followed to annoy him, and drag him back to the little suburban grocery. And when he unlocked the safe and took it out, lo! he was surrounded by a host of beggars: boys without money wanting firecrackers; women with starving babies in their arms; little girls crying for bread; old men, young men, white, black,—all the beggars of the big round world. They seized the boss' big book and began to scribble in it, until a little girl with a crutch began to beat them off. And when they were gone he could still hear the noise of them—a mighty rustle of wings; and he saw they had gathered all about him, in the air; and they no longer begged,—they laughed. And there was one who wore a mask; and when it was removed he saw that it was Christ.

Then he took back his old ledger, and lo, upon the credit side where the balance was not made, a text had been entered. It filled the page down to the bottom line:—

Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.

And full across the page, as plain as if it had been writ in blood, ran the long red lines that showed the sheet was balanced.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN THE REPUBLIC: CHRISTIANS PERSECUTING CHRISTIANS IN TENNESSEE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

On the 18th of last July a moral crime was committed in the state of Tennessee; a crime which should fire with indignation every patriot in the land; a crime over which bigotry gloats and fanaticism exults; a crime so heinous in its character and so vital in the far-reaching principles involved that any man acquainted with the facts is recreant to his manhood if he remains silent; a crime which reveals in a startling manner the presence and power in our midst of that spirit of intolerance which almost two thousand years ago pursued to the cross, nay, further, taunted in the throes of death's agony a great, serene, God-illuminated soul. The great Prophet of Nazareth had asserted the rights of man and had declared that man was to be judged by the fruits shown in life, and not by observances of rites, forms, or dogmas. He had declared that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. He had given as the supreme rule of life for all true disciples a simple but comprehensive law, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them." That was the sign by which in all ages His disciples should be known, and none knew better than this pure and tender soul that that rule carried out would forever crush the spirit of persecution and intolerance, which from the dawn of time had fettered thought and slain the noblest children of men.

The crime committed in Tennessee was very similar to the crime committed in Jerusalem more than eighteen hundred years ago. The animating spirit was precisely the same. The crime committed in Tennessee was, moreover, exactly similar in nature; that is, it involved precisely the same principles as those crimes against which enlightened thought to-day recoils, and which lit up the long night of the Dark Ages with human bonfires and drove to death for conscience' sake the noblest hearts and purest lives of Europe, because the victims could not conscientiously conform to the dogmas which the vast majority believed to be the will of

God. Strange, indeed, that the closing years of the nineteenth century should witness, flaming forth, the same spirit of insane fanaticism against which the Reformation made such an eloquent, and, for a time, successful protest. And in the present instance, as in the religious persecutions of the past, the crime has been committed in the name of justice. Victor Hugo, in speaking of the social structure in France in 1760, said: "At the base was the people; above the people, religion represented by the clergy; by the side of religion, justice represented by the magistracy. And at that period of human society what was the people? It was ignorance. What was religion? It was intolerance. And what was justice? It was injustice." And so I think the historian of the future, from the noble heights of a golden-rule permeated civilization, will point to such deeds as have recently been committed in Tennessee, as illustrating the cruel indifference of a pretended civilization which could tolerate such enormities without a universal protest.

I will now briefly outline the facts involved in this crime against justice and liberty which has been committed in the name of law and through the instrumentality of a spirit which is the unmistakable and undeviating mark of savagery, as opposed to the spirit of Christ; a spirit which is at the present time exerting its power through organization, and, like a canker worm at the tap root of the giant oak, is assailing the vitals of free government; a spirit which I profoundly believe to be the most dangerous, as it is the most insidious, evil which menaces republican government.*

The facts relating to the persecution in Tennessee are briefly as follows:—

At the town of Paris, Henry Co., Tenn., on the 18th of July, 1892, three conscientious, law-loving, God-fearing Christian men who had been lying in jail for a month and a half, were marched through the streets, in company with some colored criminals, and put to work shovelling on the common highway. All were men of families. One was an old man of sixty-two

*This intolerant spirit has in recent years crystallized itself into an organization known as the American Sabbath Union. It is not American, nor does it uphold the Sabbath. It is the true child of paganism and seeks to establish in this republic the odious laws of the sun-worshipping Christian-pagan Constantine and to persecute with the ferocity of a Nero all who do not believe as do these narrow-minded children of paganism. This body is seeking everywhere to close the museums of art on Sunday, that the poor may be denied the education and the pure pleasure of these noble educators. It was the activity of this organization which made it possible to carry the Sunday closing clause of the World's Fair bill, which, should it prove effective, would rob hundreds of thousands of poor men, women, and working girls of the inestimable educational benefits of this great world of instruction, and, what is more, it is indisputably working to change the republic of our fathers into a theocracy by uniting Church and State, even in the light of all past history, which at all times has proven that such a union corrupts religion and assassinates liberty. This organization should be opposed at all times and in every rightful way, for it is no less the foe of pure religion and true Christianity, than it is the enemy of liberty and justice.

years; another was fifty-five years old. The state's attorney, who, in the interest of fanaticism, prosecuted these men with the same ferocity as a bloodhound would exhibit in attacking its victim, was constrained to admit that *aside from the crime charged, that of working on Sunday after they had religiously worshipped God on Saturday (their Sabbath), they were otherwise good citizens.* It will be noted that these men had not robbed their fellowmen, either legally or illegally; they were not extortioners; they were highly moral and exemplary citizens. Moreover, they were God-fearing men. They belonged to the little band of earnest believers in Christ known as Seventh Day Adventists, a body of Christians who find in the Bible an injunction which they hold to be divine, requiring them to work six days in the week and to keep holy the seventh day, and who do not find any passage repealing this command in the Holy Scriptures. These sincere men worshipped God according to His Word as they understood it, by keeping holy the Sabbath, or seventh day of the week. But they were poor men. Fifty-two days in the year were all the rest they could afford if the wolf of want was to be kept from the door. Now, the Constitution of Tennessee declares that "All men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own conscience; . . . that no human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience; and that no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishment or mode of worship."

From this it would seem self-evident that any law which might operate so as to render it impossible for God-fearing citizens to support themselves and families without doing violence to their consciences by having to disobey what they believed to be God's imperative command, would be unconstitutional and consequently void; while it will appear equally evident that if any percentage of the population of Tennessee believe that God had commanded them to keep holy any day other than the first day of the week, to compel these persons to desist from work on the first day would be to compel poor people in the present fierce battle for livelihood to work on the day they believe holy, as to rest over one hundred days in the year would mean starvation to them and their loved ones. I do not see how any mind that is not blinded by bigotry can escape this conclusion. With this thought in mind let us proceed.

In Tennessee, as in many of our eastern states, there are ancient statutes, relics of a savage past; statutes which partake of the nature of the Blue Laws of colonial days. These enactments have for generations been practically obsolete. Hate, spite, and fanaticism have occasionally resurrected them; but constitutional

guarantees, the enlightened sentiment of the age, and competent judges have usually rendered them of no effect. The law in Tennessee which is of this nature was an heirloom from the theocracy of England, coming to Tennessee through North Carolina. It forbids any Sunday work, "except acts of real necessity" or "of charity," and prescribes a fine as punishment. If the fine is not paid, the convicted party is to be imprisoned. Another statute declares that any one who maintains a nuisance may be fined one hundred dollars; while according to recent rulings of the state courts in Tennessee, a succession of such offences as working on Sunday is a nuisance and is indictable.

On May 27 the Grand Jury of Henry County indicted five farmers living on small places near the village of Springville, Tenn. The cases were tried in Paris before a certain Judge W. H. Swiggart. The prosecution did not attempt to prove that any one was disturbed by the work of these poor farmers; indeed, the witnesses for the state each declared that he was not disturbed. One of the prisoners had been seen ploughing strawberries on Sunday, another cutting sprouts, and still another loading wood on a wagon. The accused did not employ counsel, but each made a simple statement of his case, relying upon the guarantee of the Constitution and the intelligence of the judge and jury for acquittal. The following is the statement made by Mr. M. S. Lowry, whose case came first:—

I would like to say to the jury that, as has been stated, I am a Seventh Day Adventist. I observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath. I read my Bible, and my convictions on the Bible are that the seventh day of the week is the Sabbath, which comes on Saturday. I observe that day the best I know how. Then I claim the God-given right to six days of labor. I have a wife and four children, and it takes my labor six days to make a living. I go about my work quietly, do not make any unnecessary noise, but do my work as quietly as possible. It has been proved by the testimony of Mr. Fitch and Mr. Cox, who live around me, that they were not disturbed. Here I am before the court to answer for this right that I claim as a Christian. I am a law-abiding citizen, believing that we should obey the laws of the state; but whenever they conflict with my religious convictions and the Bible, I stand and choose to serve the law of my God rather than the laws of the state. I do not desire to cast any reflections upon the state, nor the officers and authorities executing the law. I leave the case with you.

This simple, eloquent, and noble statement of a high-minded Christian gentleman would have made an impression on any mind not blinded by bigotry, and would have rendered just any heart not dwarfed and shrivelled by religious fanaticism. But like the ill-fated Huguenots of the sixteenth century, these victims of religious prejudice lacked broad-minded, liberty-loving, and constitution-revering patriots for judge and jurors. The prosecuting attorney struck the key-note of the true animus of the prosecution

when in closing his speech he made use of the following significant expression:—*

I cannot conceive that a man who claims to be a peaceable, law-abiding citizen can go on disregarding the day openly in the face of the law, openly in the face of the protections that are thrown around the holy Sabbath, *as we believe it and hold it*, and protected by the laws of this state; and this is a question that I presume you gentlemen will not have any difficulty in coming to a decision upon.†

The accused were promptly found guilty by the jury, and on refusing to pay the unjust fine‡ were remanded to jail on June 3, where they remained for over forty days.§ The sheriff had a higher conception of justice than the judge. He remarked to the latter that the convicted were "sincere in their belief." "*Let them educate their consciences by the laws of Tennessee,*" exclaimed this judge, who had sworn to uphold that Constitution which declares that

"No human authority can in any case whatever control or interfere with the rights of conscience," and that "no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishment or mode of worship."

After lying in jail for over forty days, three of these conscientious, upright citizens were taken out, chained to three negro criminals who had been sentenced for drunkenness, shooting in the street, and fighting the city marshal, and set to work on the public highway. What a humiliating spectacle to a justice and

*It is a pity that some one did not point out to this gentleman the impropriety of a lawyer seeking to disregard the Constitution of his state by arguing in behalf of a statute which essentially nullified a sacred guarantee; for it is clear that if these men were to save their families from starvation, they must disregard the state law in order to enjoy the religious freedom guaranteed by the state Constitution.

†In striking contrast, says the protest sent out by the National Religious Liberty Association in its appeal to thoughtful Americans, are the following words of President Fairchild of Oberlin College: "It is often urged that the right of private judgment, as now maintained, in reference to obedience to the laws of the land, will subvert government, and introduce confusion and anarchy. . . . The danger, however, is greatly over-estimated. Government is never the gainer in the execution of a law that is manifestly unjust. . . . Conscientious men are not the enemies but the friends of any government but a tyranny. They are its strength, and not its weakness. Daniel, in Babylon, praying, contrary to the law, was the true friend and supporter of the government; while those who, in their pretended zeal for the law and the constitution, would strike down the good man, were its real enemies. It is only when government transcends its sphere that it comes in conflict with the consciences of men."—*Fairchild's Moral Philosophy*, pp. 184, 185.

‡The reason for not paying these fines is given by one of the victims in the following language: "We did not pay our fines and costs, which amounted to about twenty-five dollars each, because we considered them unjust; and besides, if we had paid them and returned to our work, we would have been re-arrested, and thus compelled to spend all the little property we own in paying fines."

§While these men were in prison for conscience' sake, the following advertisement appeared in the official paper of Henry County, Tennessee: "On Sunday next there will be a basket picnic at Hollow Rock. The P. T. & A. Railway will give an excursion rate of fifty cents for the round trip from Paris. The train leaves Paris at 9.45 A. M., and returning, leaves Hollow Rock at 5.00 P. M." A further illustration of the real nature of this religious persecution will be found in the facts set forth in a letter written by one of the victims to a brother in Washington, D. C. "While I am writing to you, it being Sunday, there is a train load of workmen passing in the streets not thirty feet from the jail, going out to work; and they have done so every Sunday since we have been here, and it apparently does not disturb any one. But if a poor Adventist takes his hoe out in his field and labors on Sunday, it disturbs the people for miles around."

liberty loving American! Three upright, noble-souled men, who, like the early Christians and the children of the Reformation, were loyal to the voice of conscience, were chained to depraved and brutalized criminals.

The outrage might not call for such extended notice, were it not for the fact that in recent years in Tennessee and Arkansas these conscientious, Christian people, known as Adventists, have been systematically persecuted. The case above noted is only one of a number of similar instances where pure-hearted, Christian people have been cruelly persecuted for conscience' sake; and it would seem evident, from the systematic prosecutions and the heartless ferocity with which these just and upright persons have been pursued, that they are victims of an organized effort, which has for its ultimate aim the securing of a series of judicial rulings calculated to further aid the determined effort being made to unite Church and State and abridge the rights of American citizens. Against the infamy of these persecutions I wish to raise my voice in indignant protest. My whole soul revolts at the barbarism and ferocious savagery which seeks by resurrecting obsolete laws to re-enact in a measure the tragedies of the past and which through legal technicalities ignore the constitutional guarantee of Tennessee. It is a shame, a crying shame, that such insane fanaticism, such anti-Christian intolerance, should flourish at this late day; and doubly shameful is it that our sense of justice and love of liberty are so benumbed by conventional hypocrisy that we do not as a nation rise up against such liberty-destroying inhumanity. To me there is nothing so terrible as the spectacle of just and upright men suffering as criminals. Think of that sixty-five-year old, silver-haired father, who had harmed no one, who had committed no crime, who had striven to follow the Golden Rule as a line of conduct for life, being driven in a chain gang with hardened, brutalized negro criminals simply because of his sublime loyalty to what he conceived to be right. Think of this high-handed infamy, and remember that this crime against liberty, this crime against human rights, was perpetrated in the name of law, and instigated by persons who *impiously* claim to be Christians.

The persecution of Jesus by the Pharisees of His day finds its parallel in the persecution of the Seventh Day Adventists by those who masquerade under His name to-day. And yet these same sleuth-hounds of bigotry call themselves Christians! Let us see how their actions square by the Golden Rule, which Jesus gave as the great basic principle of moral government.

Let us suppose that in Louisiana, for example, the Catholics, being numerically in the majority, should enact a statute that on certain days made holy by their church, all men must abstain

from work "other than acts of real necessity." Let us suppose that Protestants refuse to keep these days, first, because they denied the right of the Church to canonize men or make holy days, and, secondly, because the fierce struggle for bread made it imperative that they work. Now let us further suppose that a number of the most upright citizens openly disregarded this unjust statute, and for this violation were dragged to prison, doomed to lie in jail, and finally put to work in New Orleans in the chain gang with morally debased criminals. Would not there be a mighty uprising over the length and breadth of the land at such an un-American and iniquitous enactment, which so clearly trampled on the right of conscience and disregarded the spirit of free government? "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Jesus taught this as a cardinal truth, the sum of laws and precepts. Are persecutors of these Seventh Day Adventists Christians? No, a thousand times, no! They are essentially pagan. Apollo-loving *Constantine* and not the tolerant and ever-compassionate *Jesus* is their model. But let us pursue this thought one step further. Suppose that in Michigan, where the Seventh Day Adventists have some strength, that they should be able to combine with the Hebrews, and were so disposed, and that through such a combination they were enabled to enact a law compelling all citizens of Michigan to rest on the seventh day. Would our Protestant and Catholic citizens peaceably acquiesce in such a statute? Would not our people call upon the Constitution to nullify such a wrong? Would we not hear on every hand that to compel people to keep Saturday would be equal to forcing a large per cent of them to do violence to their consciences by breaking Sunday, as a comparatively few could rest one hundred days in the year and yet earn a livelihood? And yet such a case would be exactly analogous to the persecutions now being carried on by persons who insult Jesus by calling themselves Christians. No, gentlemen, I grant you are the legitimate children of the holy (?) Inquisition, but your action will not square by the Golden Rule.

Poor Mr. King, of whom I have written before, was pursued with the relentless ferocity supposed to be characteristic of demons until death came to his relief. He and these new victims of religious intolerance belong to the chosen band of royal souls who in all ages have been persecuted for conscience' sake. Of that band Jesus was a conspicuous member. He broke the Sabbath and was pursued by the Sabbath Union of His day, even to the cross. The early Christians in the days of Nero followed the dictates of their consciences and for this were burned and torn to pieces. The noble spirits, yea, the chosen souls, of the Dark Ages likewise followed the dictates of con-

science, and for their splendid and sublime loyalty to what they conceived to be the truth were burned, racked, and destroyed in a thousand different ways. Roger Williams followed the same guiding star of conscience in matters of religion, and as a result was banished from the Massachusetts Colony. All of these persons are now popularly regarded as martyrs for truth, liberty, and right. The spirit manifested by their persecutor is abhorrent to all broad-minded and intellectually developed men and women. These last victims to the age-long spirit of intolerance hold the same position as was formerly occupied by the martyrs and heroes for conscience' sake, whose privations and heroic deaths form luminous examples of high thinking and noble acting amid the gloom of the past.

The secular press of the land, with many notable exceptions,* has paid little heed to these persecutions.

Indeed, a general lethargy seems to have overtaken our people, and this is the most disheartening symptom present in the body politic at the present time. The day seems to have gone by when the cry of the oppressed or the weak arouses the sense of

* Below I give some protests made editorially by leading papers. Few, however, of these papers have made the cause of the oppressed their own cause; while, on the other hand, the persecutors have relentlessly pursued their evil way.

There can be but one opinion upon this decision among all liberal-minded men. It is odious sophistry! unworthy of the age in which we live, and under it an American citizen has been condemned to spend the rest of his days in a dungeon, unless he shall stoop to deny the dictates of his own conscience, and dishonor his own manhood. — *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

The keeper of Saturday has an undoubted moral right to his convictions. More than this, his legal right to observe Saturday as a holy day and Sunday as a secular day ought not to be called in question in free America by any civil authority. It would not be in doubt for a moment were it not for the existence of legal anachronisms that should have gone out with the witchcraft laws or, at the latest, with George the Third. — *Boston Daily Globe*.

It seems absolutely incredible that in this age of enlightenment, in these free United States, men should suffer and families be plunged into sorrow because they have exercised a right of conscience guaranteed to them by the Constitution of their country.

The sooner a test is appealed to the highest tribunal in the land for adjudication, the better for the honor of Tennessee and every state ridden by bad laws, passed in violation of individual liberty. — *Chicago Daily Globe*.

Not being able to leave his crops unworked for two days in the week, Mr. King ploughed them on Sunday after having kept the Sabbath the day before. He was arrested under the Sunday law; and in order to make it effective against him, it was alleged that his work on his own farm on Sunday created a public nuisance. On this entirely untenable ground he has been harassed from court to court. He was a poor man, but has been supported by the friends of religious liberty. Mr. King has been greatly wronged, but his only remedy at law is under the law and Constitution of Tennessee. It appears that for the present his remedy is denied him, and, this being the case, he has no better course than to submit to the oppression and go to prison — to the convict camp, if it suits the convenience of his persecutors to send him there. — *St. Louis Republic*.

The principle involved is simple, and its application plain. The state has nothing to do with religion, except to protect every citizen in his religious liberty. It has no more right to proscribe the religious observance of Sabbaths and holy days than to order sacraments and to ordain creeds. — *New York World*.

So long as the labor of Adventists on Sunday does not interfere with the rights of the Mosaic and Puritanic people on the same day, the prosecution of them seems neither more nor less than persecution. — *Chicago Tribune*.

People are asking if we are returning to the days of Cotton Mather or the Spanish Inquisition, that faithful, law-abiding citizens must be fined or driven from the country when their only offence consists in quietly carrying out the convictions of conscience. — *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

justice in the hearts of our people. Especially is it sad to see the religious press, supposed to represent the spirit of the Reformation (which struggled against such fearful persecutions of other days), now so silent when fellowmen are being ground between the millstones for conscience' sake. It is true that one of the greatest religious papers, the *Independent*, has spoken grandly for freedom, as will be seen by the following extract:—

We have again and again, during the last few years, had occasion to express our profound indignation at the administration of Tennessee law as applied to some country farmers belonging to the Seventh Day Adventist body, who, after having carefully kept the Sabbath on the seventh day of the week, worked in their fields on the first day of the week. This prosecution has been renewed, and three men of families, one fifty-five and another sixty-two years of age, were convicted, and have, during the summer and autumn, been working out their fine, being set to work with criminals at shovelling on the common highway. They refused to pay their fine, declaring that it was unjust, and that they were liable to be arrested again as soon as they were released. We have said before, and we say again, that this is bad law, bad morals, and bad religion.

Another religious organ, the Baptist *Church Bulletin*, gives these suggestive words of warning:—

Let us be careful how we let in the camel's nose of religious legislation, lest the brute crowd his bulky form in and occupy the whole shop. If the law by which these men were legally imprisoned be a righteous law, then may any state, nation, or country set up a religious creed and enforce it; then France treated properly the Huguenots; Russia the Jews; and early New England and Virginia the Baptists and Quakers. Protestant America had better be careful how she lays foundations for other men to build upon. Rome has as good a right to build in her way as we to build have in our way.

As a rule, however, the religious press has been strangely silent.

A nation can sometimes afford to err on the side of mercy, but no nation can afford to be unjust to her lowliest citizen. I am one of those who believe most profoundly that every sin, whether committed by an individual, a state, or a nation, brings its own consequence as inevitably as the violation of a physical law brings its evil results. I believe that nations commit suicide no less than individuals, and that wrong done by nations will result in evil consequences; and believing this, while loving the great republic, I cannot remain silent when she is unjust or when she wrongs, in the name of law, upright citizens because they do not believe as the majority believe. No state or nation can afford to allow a law not based on justice to remain upon the statute books. And when our republic so far forgets the high ideals of justice, liberty, and human rights, which made her the flower of the ages, as to permit unjust laws to be passed or cruel, obsolete statutes to be resuscitated in the interests of any class, any sect, or any religion, she makes law-breaking citizens, and plants in her own breast the seeds of disintegration.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE DREAM CHILD.*

THE literature of the past two decades has been marked, as has the literature of no other period of the nineteenth century, by a wonderful increase in works discussing all phases of the social problems of our time, while hand in hand with this remarkable growth in the literature of discontent has appeared a literature no less noteworthy in which psychical science and occult theories have been seriously treated as never before by scholarly minds. The mental attitude of Paris in the closing quarter of the last century foreshadowed thought along these lines to-day. Social unrest has permeated to a greater or less degree all quarters of the civilized world. So also has interest grown in occult phenomena, and especially in the phenomena and the philosophy of the Orient, which is popularly known as theosophy. The fiction of the past ten years has been tinged with the occult. Hundreds of books have appeared depicting wonderful phenomena, interwoven in fascinating story form, which thirty years ago would have found few readers. Now they are sought by tens of thousands of eager minds. Most of these works have been forced from their authors by an irresistible conviction, which compelled them to give out what their own investigation had led them to believe to be the highest truth, or a truth capable of bringing men and women to a higher plane of thought and endeavor. Other writers, quick to see the growing interest in occult matters, have seized this as a profitable field, and are turning out occult novels machine fashion. It is easy, however, to detect the chaff from the wheat. No thoughtful reader will fail to discern at once whether or not there is behind the story an earnest, truth-loving soul which has awakened from popular lethargy, or whether the work be that of a mere book-maker grinding out literature as a trade, with little regard to the greatest of all masters, TRUTH. Among the works which have recently appeared dealing more or less with the occult in the form of serious fiction are many admirable works published by the Lovells; also "Hiero Salem," "Eastward, or a Buddhist Lover," both published by J. G. Cupples Co., of Boston; "Dreams of the Dead," the powerful and ably written occult story so recently brought out by Lee & Shepard. These works, and many which do not come to my mind at present, have had excellent sales, some proving phenomenally popular, and showing how profound is the heart hunger of our time which reaches out to the beyond; which seeks to know on the

*"The Dream Child." By Florence Huntley. pp. 229. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1. Published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

one hand, and which desires soul nourishment on the other. The empty hollowness of dogmatic Christianity and the absence in so many churches of the vital spirit of the great Galilean Master have caused tens of thousands of the most truly spiritually minded to turn elsewhere for the bread of life. The new philosophies upon many such minds have exerted a threefold beneficent effect: *First*, they have broadened the mental vision, and emphasized the great fact that in this law-governed universe there are no accidents, nor does the Creator make mistakes which have to be rectified by the suffering of the innocent for the guilty. *Second*, they have taught these seekers after God the profound truth enunciated by Jesus and His disciples, but so often covered by the crust of dogma and ritualism, that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap"; that by the thought and by the works or deeds each man builds for eternity; or, in other words, that the great law of cause and effect reigns supreme throughout the universe. *Thirdly*, they have here found the supreme importance of that law emphasized more or less by all the great religious mystics of the ages, and upon which Jesus based His ethical teaching, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," or the law of universal fraternity, *The brotherhood of man*.

Of the many works of fiction which this new condition has called forth, I am about to notice one which to me seems specially worthy of the serious consideration of thoughtful people. It is one of that class of books which had to be written, and by that I mean the author did not write for gain, but rather for peace of mind. Her brain was haunted with noble thoughts which had come to her after years of deep study and tireless investigation, seeking for answers to the two age-long problems "What is Truth?" and "If a man die shall he live again?" The story, however, is in no sense strained or didactical. It teaches much, but teaches in such a way that the reader, lost in the interest of the conversation, does not realize that he is being the recipient of a system of philosophy, very noble in its higher aspects, and one which rests on the granite foundation of *universal brotherhood and endless progression*. The story opens by a conversation between two eminent physicians in an insane asylum. A marvellously beautiful woman had attracted the attention of the visiting physician. The strange story of her life is given in succeeding chapters, and just here I would remark that few modern novelists possess the power which Mrs. Huntley seems to wield unconsciously of carrying the reader from story to philosophy, from pure description to metaphysical speculation without any break in continuity of thought. The story is not startling, it has few strong dramatic passages; but it is safe to say that all readers who entertain any interest in occult problems will be held in thrall from cover to cover. The story is dual in character. By easy stages the reader is carried from the world of the physical into the realm of dreams. At one moment he is with Mr. and Mrs. Varien; the next he finds himself peering into the beyond, gazing through the entranced

vision of Mrs. Varien on the daily life of the little child which was snatched from the mother when only three years old by death. The life story of Mrs. Varien is a weird and fascinating tale. During the day she is as other people; at night for fifteen years she is entranced, and her soul dwells with her loved child in realms too fair for the imagination of man. In this other world many of life's mysteries are explained. This cloudland, this realm of thought-force and ethereal beings, fascinates and holds the reader. We behold the permanency of spirit and the potency of thought. We long for his higher life as the beggar who peeped into the palace henceforth yearned for its delights. It is not strange that Mrs. Varien yearned for this noble estate until her yearning was gratified. The story however, must be read to be appreciated. Many passages, especially the utterances of the mystic master, resemble prose poems. The panoramic view of the ascent of two souls through the ages in quest of Love and Truth is one of the most dramatic and superb chapters in the volume. Many will not agree with the author in the philosophy she presents, but no one can read this book without being made better and nobler. Its philosophy is pure, exalted, and inspiring, and, what is more, it is the out-gushing of a soul imbued with the profound belief that the philosophy enunciated is the Truth. Below I give a list of the chapters which will aid in forming a conception of the character of the work: "Doctors Agree," "She Dreamed a Dream," "The Dream World," "The Beginning of the End," "Science Fails," "The Watch," "The Voice of the Master," "A Star Was Shining," "A Strange Quest," "The Gates Are Passed," "A Successful Experiment," "Such is the Law," "Whom God Hath Joined," "For all Eternity," "An Innumerable Company."

Persons enjoying a well-written story will be charmed with "The Dream Child" even though they have no interest in occult theories, for considered purely as literature it is unique and fascinating. To those who enjoy high thinking and noble philosophy this story will possess an added interest. While those who desire to learn the higher aspect of the theosophical thought of our time will find it a book of exceptional interest and value, emanating from a noble-minded woman who is first of all a seeker after the Truth.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE FINISHED CREATION.*

Amid the flood of mediocre poetical works which characterize the present time, it is a genuine pleasure to come across a volume so fine both in thought and artistic quality as Mr. Hathaway's new book of poems, "The Finished Creation." Had the author written no other work, this volume alone would have entitled him to an enviable place among the real artists of our time; for considered purely as a work of

* "The Finished Creation." By Benjamin Hathaway. Full-page portrait of the author in steel. Pp. 208, handsomely printed and richly bound in cloth, white and silver. Price, \$1.25. Published by Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

art, "The Finished Creation" will take high rank among the volumes of short verses of our generation. But there is something even more attractive to me than the finished character of his verses, and that is the fine, pure thought expressed on every page. One is constantly reminded that behind the poem is a man with heart aflame with noble thought; a man whose mind is broad and whose soul is luminous with that love which will some day redeem and make Edenic the world; a man tolerant and thoughtful, brave yet gentle, a disciple of truth, and a lover of humanity. The first division of this volume deals with legendary lore, and contains the longer poems, but space prevents my quoting at length from these delightful lines. I will only give the verses which are introductory to this division of the book.

In every age the Myth has been
The outward form of Truth to men;
Its inner soul is Truth Divine.
The Prophets old were they who saw
With clearer sight, in love and awe,
The spirit through the letter shine.

As Science sees, from Error freed,
With clearer eyes, the Truth indeed,
Within the Truth that only seems,
So shall our deeper sight behold
In Mythic Lore a wealth untold
Of Truth beyond our wildest dreams.

There are many sonnets and short poems of surpassing beauty in this volume. I regret that I cannot give more than a few hints by way of quotations from this treasury of gems; but these hints will enable the reader to judge of the real treasures in store for those who secure the work. What profound philosophy lies in the following beautiful lines entitled "Fate."

Our Life to-day foretells our life to be;
Or high or low, unto some longed-for goal
Our aspiration leads; in every soul
Lives evermore the gift of prophecy.
To strive, to love, to yearn the heart is free;
Out of the heart's desire is born our thought;
The thought forcasts the deed; of deeds are wrought
Our heritage unto Eternity.
Though Fortune long the cherished good denies,
Our hands shall reap, if we, still toiling, wait
The harvest of desire; before us lies
The path to some far-shining goal, where late
Or soon our feet shall rest, if we so wise
To see a wiser Providence in Fate.

Here, too, is a real little gem, delicate as the texture of a flower and fragrant as the odor of a rose:—

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

V

LIFE'S BEST GIFTS.

I.

I would be rich, but not in gold;
Not in the wealth, though all untold,
Of mine and mill and merchant gain,
Of harvests ripe on hill and plain,
But in all gifts of mind and heart,
All treasures of ennobling Art;
Though youth, health, fortune, friends depart,
In treasures that would yet remain,
I would be rich.

I would be rich in God's design,
A life one with the Life Divine;
Howso bereft, forlorn, alone,
Who has himself still has his own:
If but the joy of song be mine,
I would be rich.

II.

I would be wise, nor yet possess
The wisdom of but worldliness
Of him the swiftest in the race
For wealth or fame or power or place;
But wisdom of the Prophets old,
To dare, against the world, to hold
That manhood's self is more than gold:
And robed in Virtue's fairest grace
I would be wise.

I would be wise: When ills befall,
To see in woes our hearts appall
The hand of God; through all disguise
Of sense to see with clearer eyes, —
See that the soul is all in all,
I would be wise.

The broad thought of the new day shines in full-orbed splendor in our author's mind, as will be seen in the following little waif, entitled "My Creed":—

They have some truth, whatever creed professing,
Who follow in the way that Duty leads;
The simple souls and faithful find a blessing
In all the creeds;
He has the noblest faith, no creed confessing,
Who writes his faith in deeds.

We still, with vision prone, the truth dividing,
Read what the letter, not the spirit, saith;
Still in the old, time-honored creeds is hiding
Fear's awful wrath;
Yet human hearts can find no peace abiding
Save in the ampler faith —

That all earth's pilgrim souls, nor unforgiven,
Whatever devious ways their feet have trod,
Purged of each base desire, by sorrow shriven,
Love's chastening rod,
Or soon or late, in the wide courts of Heaven,
Shall find their home in God.

Here, too, is a charming little verse, half poem, half a prayer. It is called "The Beyond."

How happy he who, at the set of sun,
When passed the heat and burden of the day,
His labors ended, takes his homeward way,
Content to see some worthy work well done.
May I, like him, toll's well-earned guerdon won,
To see around me fall the twilight shade
Of coming age, rejoice, all unafraid,
That to the end Time's falling sands have run.
While on my sight, closed to each earthly scene,
Like constellations by the night revealed,
Like sunset gilding the Hesperian Gates,
Shall brighten the Beyond; — life's wider field;
Where for our hands a rarer harvest waits;
Where higher toll yields higher joys serene.

These poems are only glimpses of the pure and noble thoughts so beautifully expressed in this delightful volume. It is a book which should have a place in the libraries of all who love inspiring poetry. Those wishing to give some appreciative friend a beautiful little token of love or esteem will find this volume an exceptionally appropriate gift.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.*

"The Making of a Man," by Dr. J. W. Lee, D. D., is, in my judgment, the most important work bearing on life from the pen of an orthodox clergyman of recent years; and in saying this I do not overlook Dr. Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" or such helpful works as Canon Farrar's "Seekers After God" and "Present Day Questions." Dr. Lee's work is a noble specimen of the best thought of the new orthodoxy. It is virile, eloquent, searching, and full of vital thought. It constantly suggests Hugo, and I fancy the doctor owes more or less to Victor Hugo's masterly work entitled "William Shakespeare"; not in the way of a copyist, but through inspiration caught from the lightning of that wonderful essay on genius and art. There are no dull pages in this book. The reader finds himself charmed by the beauty of style, though a certain oratorical quality is ever present which proclaims the speaker rather than the essayist. For example note the following lines, taken from the Introduction:—

The meaning of creation is not understood till dust stands erect in a living man. That a great purpose was present from the beginning, directing and controlling, there can be no doubt. It presided over the first nebulous mist that floated out to take form in the foundations of the earth. It measured and weighed the matter and force necessary to form the globe. It determined the elements required to do the work lying through the years before it. It assigned to them their laws, specific gravities, and affinities, and appointed, beforehand, the combinations and collocations they were capable of making. But not till the atoms throbbed in a human brain and beat in a human heart did the purpose, which had through the ages run, stand out, defined and

* "The Making of a Man." By Rev. J. W. Lee. Cloth, pp. 372. Published by Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

justified. Then it was that the intention underneath the drift of the ages spelled itself out in the unity of thought, the freedom of choice, and the capacity for love, potential in the intellect, will, and heart of the first man. He was the realization of an ideal which gave meaning to the long periods of preparation. As the final expression of the creative process, he was at once the interpreter and the interpretation of all that had gone before.

From the above it will be seen that Mr. Lee may fairly be called the Ingersoll of the new orthodoxy; for the eloquence, the strength, and beauty of presentation which characterize the writings and utterances of the great agnostic are everywhere present in Mr. Lee's inspiring work. "The Making of a Man" is a brave, manly work, and is freer from cant and that indisposition to give due credit to any work not labelled orthodox, which often characterizes books by theologians, than any book by an American orthodox clergyman which it has been my pleasure to read in many years. I do not agree with all Dr. Lee's conclusions, or, rather, my point of view is not exactly the same as his; but I rejoice to find in the ranks of orthodox thought such a brave, broad, and noble-souled thinker as this gentleman, and I unhesitatingly recommend this work as a book which will give to life a broader, holier, grander, and nobler significance; a book which will make the reader braver, more tender and more unselfish, and such works should be widely circulated. They will make a higher type of manhood and womanhood, and will hasten the day when greed will give place to justice, and the Golden Rule will mean more than empty words. The titles of the various chapters of the work are as follows: "Bread," "Power," "Truth," "Righteousness," "Beauty," "Love," "Immortality." If more works like "The Making of a Man" were written by orthodox clergymen, Christianity along orthodox lines would soon evince far more real vitality than is exhibited to-day; that is to say, the spirit of true religion, as opposed to ceremonialism, creed, and dogma, would soon be everywhere felt; and instead of five-million-dollar cathedrals, we would find the millions of poor and starving cared for and laws enacted based on justice rather than greed. B. O. FLOWER.

THE WOMAN WHO DARES.*

Here we have a well-written story with a noble purpose. It is a woman's novel, and by that I do not mean that it is intended only for women; on the contrary, it ought to be read by every man in America who has the brain, conscience, and refinement of nature to appreciate its masterly presentation of what is the simple right, nay, more, is the sacred duty of every married woman to demand the absolute right to her own person in wedlock no less than out of wedlock. The body of woman is the temple of her soul, and should be as inviolate in marriage as in the single state. The subject is a bold one, and in the hands of a

* "The Woman Who Dares." A novel. By Ursula Gestefeld. Cloth, price, \$1.25. Published by Lovell, Gestefeld & Co., New York.

nature less fine and spiritual would be repulsive. It is clearly not the theme for a bungler to handle effectively; but Mrs. Gestefeld is no bungler. In the presentation of the vital thought found in these pages she has given us a superb piece of work, but by this I do not mean that from a purely literary or artistic point of view this is a remarkable book; indeed, judged merely from this standpoint it would merit far less notice than it deserves, and, therefore, I anticipate that critics who judge of works solely from a literary standpoint will attack the book no less savagely than conventional critics who view with apprehension all literature which widens the horizon of woman's thought, and tends to make her more an individual or an entity than she has been. Judged as a piece of literature, it is no better than scores of novels which are monthly appearing. But mere finished style does not constitute in my mind the chief value of a book. Many of the most vital works of fiction have been in this particular very faulty. Many of the stories which have exerted powerful educational and uplifting influences have been most savagely assaulted by the critic who condemns all books which do not come up to the standard of accepted conventional style. There is in an age like ours a quality far more important than literary accuracy, and that is *vitality of thought*. If a work is noble, inspiring, and so composed as to send to the heart some great truth calculated to advance the magnificent onward wave of civilization, it is more valuable in an age like our own, when civilization is in the throes with a mighty struggle, than that delightful accuracy so often met with in books which are morally valueless and whose authors are proud of the fact that they write merely to amuse. "The Woman Who Dares" is a story of great vitality. The author is a thoughtful and a deeply spiritual woman. With the keen intuitive insight so often met with in profoundly spiritual natures, she has discerned one of the greatest moral crimes of the present. She sees that until we have wives who are more than playthings, more than slaves, more than echoes of husbands, we cannot have a fully developed childhood, holding the germ of the higher civilization. Seeing and feeling the need of this higher conception of the need and duty of maternity, Mrs. Gestefeld has written her powerful work. In Murva, her heroine, we have a superb type of the woman of the new day. A noble femininity pervades the every thought and act of Murva. She is a woman who thinks deeply; who is swayed, nay, propelled, by her highest moral convictions, while her great soul is luminous with love. That her husband does not understand her, and yet is what the world would call an exceptionally good husband, is not strange. The fault lies not with Murva, not wholly with her husband, for he is the legitimate product of ages of false thought, or, rather, thought based on false theories. Murva voices the cry of the noblest womanhood to-day, and in her triumph over her husband's degrading conception of wifehood we see typed forth the conquerer, or the wife of to-morrow; the

wife who is to give us a finer, truer, and purer manhood and womanhood; the wife who is to usher in the new civilization. Men who look with apprehension at every new note sounded in woman's triumphant anthem of emancipation will condemn this work. But every man or woman in touch with the best thought of the new day will, I think, feel that the author has stated clearly and powerfully a root problem of profound significance. She has raised a question which will not be settled until it is settled by woman's being accorded that absolute liberty which is vitally essential to individual unfoldment. I am glad this work has appeared, and I trust it will have a wide sale. Every young man and woman should read it.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.*

In this work the history of the great conspiracy which led to the assassination of President Lincoln is told in a simple, straightforward manner, which not only carries conviction, but makes a story of thrilling interest. At some future age, doubtless, some master-brain will give us a powerful historical romance embodying the life and tragic death of Lincoln; but perhaps the assassination is not remote enough, as yet, to lend itself to the novelist. This history bears all signs of being a conscientious recital of facts which cannot be questioned. It is a timely work, because of late many attempts have been made to minify the enormity of the crime, to discredit the evidences which proved beyond doubt the existence of a well-planned conspiracy, and to represent Mrs. Surratt as being a martyr. Now, I do not believe that Mrs. Surratt should have been hanged, not, however, because I believe she was innocent, but because I am unalterably opposed to capital punishment. I think the evidence adduced in the trial proves beyond the shadow of a doubt not only complicity, but that she was an active participant in a carefully planned conspiracy aimed at the assassination of the president, the vice-president, the secretary of state, the secretary of war, and General Grant. Of her guilt I think there is no doubt; but I do not think that she or her male confederates should have been hanged, for I do not believe any man or combination of men have a right to take a human life. In this history the author first gives clearly and concisely the story of the great conspiracy, the assassination of President Lincoln, and the sequel. Later in the volume are found official data and evidence substantiating his statements. The author, General T. M. Harris, was a member of the military commission which tried the conspirators. It is an important contribution to historical literature, and I regret that it is published and sold only by subscription.

B. O. FLOWER.

* "The Assassination of Lincoln: A History of the Great Conspiracy." By T. M. Harris, a member of the Military Commission. Colored cloth, black and gold, pp. 429. Price, \$2.50. Sold only by subscription. Published by the American Citizen Company, 7 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

TOKOLOGY.*

One of the most valuable books which have appeared in recent years is Dr. Alice B. Stockham's wonderful work, entitled "Tokology." It is a book which every wife and every woman contemplating marriage should possess, as it demonstrates how the sufferings and dangers incident to the function of motherhood may be avoided. It gives clear, concise directions for the period of gestation. It also contains most valuable chapters on the care of infants in health and disease. By its scholarly and comprehensive presentation of vital facts on the subject of woman's dress, Dr. Stockham, as elsewhere, exhibits practical common sense in an eminent degree; as, for example, when she says:—

From first to last the pregnant woman's dress should be physiological and hygienic. Perfect freedom for every physical power must be secured. What does this demand? Emphatically looseness and lightness, as well as sufficient and equable warmth. See to it that not one article of dress impedes in the slightest degree the functions of the body. . . . What is the test of the dress being sufficiently loose? One is, lying flat upon the back, and with the hips slightly elevated, to be able to take a full, deep, and prolonged respiration without hindrance. Another is to hold a book between the tips of the middle fingers, raise the arms *perfectly perpendicular* and parallel to the sides of the head, inflate the lungs, and promenade the room. If this can be done easily, the dress offers no restraint for any movement of the body. By the ordinary dress, even if there is not actually tight lacing, simply a snug fit, we get alterations in the shape and positions of the organs. When it is considered that the organs compressed are those by which the important functions of respiration, circulation, and digestion are carried on, as well as those essential to the proper development and healthy growth of future generations, it is no wonder that people suffer who have brought themselves under such conditions. For the pregnant woman especial pains should be taken that the outside dress be of light material and devoid of surplus trimming. A princess or Mother Hubbard wrapper is preferable. By these the number of bands is reduced, the weight is thrown upon the shoulders, and the back and abdomen relieved from pressure. In the true woman, any morbid sensibility in regard to appearance will be lost sight of in the great good gained for herself and child by having a healthful dress. Hark! I hear a distant murmur of questions. From many, these reach my ear: Are the garments you describe all a lady is to wear? Does she not need a corset? What if one cannot hold herself up without a corset? Will she wear a corset under or over the princess waist? Does a loose corset do any harm? Wouldn't you recommend Madame Foy's corset? Won't she be benefited by a health (?) corset? What about health reform corsets? And faster and faster the questions come until my ears are deafened with corset! corset! corset! If women had common sense instead of fashion sense, the corset would not exist. There are not words in the English language to express my convictions upon this subject. The corset, more than any other one thing, is responsible for woman's being the victim of disease and doctors. . . . To errors in woman's dress, more than any other one thing, is the unnatural pain due. Almost daily, women come to my office burdened with bands and heavy clothing, every vital organ restricted by dress. It is not unusual to count from sixteen to eighteen thicknesses of cloth worn tightly about the pliable structure of the waist. The pelvis and chest are well guarded from intrusion by the ribs and pelvic bones. But just at the point where belts are adjusted there is no protecting wall. Thus the parts are easily deformed, consequently digestion becomes imperfect, the circulation obstructed, the respiration restricted, and what is worse than all, the viscera crowd down upon the womb, the citadel of life.

*"Tokology." By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. pp. 374; price, \$2.75. Sent post-paid. Alice B. Stockham & Co., 277 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

When one remembers how much the civilization of to-morrow depends on children being born right, we begin to appreciate the inestimable value of a work which rationally and intelligently discusses the supremely important subject of motherhood. And when it is remembered that the agony experienced and the frightful mortality attending childbirth may be to a very great degree overcome by carefully following the instructions given in this most valuable work, it is a crime for a wife to enter the holy function of maternity ignorantly when such a work as this would give her the knowledge which would often save life, greatly lessen pain, and be of inconceivable benefit to the offspring.

B. O. FLOWER.

ROMANCES OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.*

An older generation who hailed with keen delight Mr. Herman Melville's fascinating romances of the "Southern Seas" when they first appeared will, I fancy, take almost as much pleasure in the beautiful new editions of "Typee" and "Omoo," which have just appeared, as the young people of to-day. There is that in the human mind which renders wonderfully attractive anything which deals with travels and adventures in foreign and little-known lands. Mr. Melville belongs to an earlier day; a period when novelists spent more time perfecting their style than do most writers of the present. Consequently these works are immensely superior to most books of adventure at the present time. The story of "Typee" deals with the happy, careless life of the South Sea Islanders. Here, amid a luxuriant valley and grass-carpeted mountains, lived a child-like people. It was on the Island of Nukuheva that scenes described in the romance of "Typee" are supposed to transpire. Nukuheva is a cannibal island, but the hero was royally received. The life described is a rose-tinted picture of liberty without that close association of inter-knitting of interests and lives which is characteristic of civilization; liberty in a land where coconuts and bread fruit abound; where there are no blighting frosts to chill the body, and all one has to do is to stretch forth his hand to enjoy in abundance fruit and nuts, diet upon which the vegetarian tribes of the island lived. Yet life here became monotonous to our hero, especially after the mysterious disappearance of his companion; so after an extended sojourn among the dusky maidens, the hero succeeds in receiving safe conduct and departs on an Australian vessel. "Omoo" describes the hero of "Typee" on board a whaler. Many facts of interest are given and many adventures encountered. There is nothing of the melodramatic quality in the romances of Mr. Melville which abounds in most modern stories of adventure. They are written as serious stories of travel, and undoubtedly were largely a narration of personal experiences.

B. O. FLOWER.

* "Typee" and "Omoo." Two romances of the Southern Seas. By Herman Melville. Cloth; price, \$1.50. United States Book Company, New York.

SOME RECENT WORKS.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

The third volume of the *Columbian Historical Novels*, now being published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls [price \$1.50], deals with the French settlements along the southeastern coast of the United States. This work is, in my judgment, the best of the three which have appeared. It contains graphic pictures of the struggles between the Huguenots and the Romanists in France during the early Reformation, and will connect in the reader's mind the history of France contemporaneous with the history of the French settlements in America. A vivid picture of Colligni is presented, and the reader will obtain an excellent idea of the fierce and relentless warfare waged in the name of religion during the seventeenth century. The series of thrilling historical pictures presented are connected by a romance dealing with a Spanish Catholic cavalier who had been designed by his parents to enter the priesthood, and a beautiful French girl, a cousin of Colligni. This work is not only an interesting story, but it will kindle a desire on the part of the young reader to become better acquainted with the history of the age both as it relates to America and Europe.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

We are in receipt of the first volume of "*Boynton's History of the United States*." [Press Co., Augusta, Me. Price, \$2.50.] It embraces the first period of our history as a nation, and deals with contemporaneous history as found in Europe. The volume is bound in cloth, contains over four hundred pages, and a number of illustrations. It is more a digest of history than an elaborate work, and its special value lies in the fact that the author has collected an immense amount of material relating to English, French, and American history, and has succeeded in presenting it in such a manner as to bring vividly before the mind of the reader events as they were transpiring in the old world and the new. Students of history, especially those who have not sufficient leisure to give to a careful study of various historical works, will find this volume of special interest to them. The author has aimed to be strictly fair and just in his deductions.

WORMWOOD.

Marie Corelli's powerful romance, "*Wormwood*," has just been issued in a beautiful volume by Lovell, Coryell & Co. It is a powerful study of the frightful demoralization produced by the absinthe habit. The story is characterized by strength, and reveals the intellectual energy of the author's mind. It fascinates even while dealing with so frightful a subject.

MORALE THE MAHATMA.

Mabel Collins in her last two novels, "*Suggestion*" and "*Morale the Mahatma*" [Lovell, Gestefeld & Co.], is disappointing. Those who read her earlier romance will experience a keen disappointment when perus-

ing these stories. They seem to me to lack the ring of her earlier work. One imagines in reading them that they are written to order, and as such are little better than scores of more or less exciting stories of to-day.

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

This is an able work from the point of view of orthodox religious thought. It is scholarly, and to those who accept the hypotheses of Christian orthodoxy it will be a most welcome addition to their library. The author is a ripe scholar who has succeeded in producing a work which doubtless will be a standard treatise on this subject among orthodox churches. The publishers [Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y.], in a descriptive note say:—

It has been said "Christianity rests upon the miracles of the gospel"; and hence the altruist, the sceptic, the antagonist of Christianity, has always endeavored to show the unreality of these works of Jesus, knowing full well that if the people were led to disbelieve in the miracles, it would not be long before they would disbelieve in the Miracle-Worker. On the other hand the Christian preacher has found in the miracles the evidences of the God-power of the Nazarene; while the unlearned disciple hath seen in these works of the Carpenter's Son the manifestations of Divine love and compassion and help for the suffering children of men. No wonder, then, that the miracles of our Lord have always been the subject of intense interest to the Christian Church, and that theologians and scholars have brought their report and profoundest learning to the interpretation and setting forth of the teachings of these Wonderful Works of the Lord.

RESULTANT GREEK TESTAMENT.

The main object of this edition of the Greek Testament is to enable the student to tell at a glance the different readings in the leading editions of the Testament. Dr. Weymouth's idea is not new. He has had two predecessors on the same field. One was Dr. Scrivener, who did not, however, attempt to construct a text, but reprinted Stephen's third edition of 1550, and put in foot-notes the various readings of Lachman, Tregelles, and Tischendorf. The other is the Cambridge Greek Testament, in which a text is constructed, but on the basis of those of Tregelles and Tischendorf alone. When these two editions are at variance, a determining voice is allowed to the text of Stephen when it agrees with either of the other readings, and to Lachman only when the text of Stephen differs from both. It will be seen from the title-page that in the book just issued the critical authorities are more numerous. The editor has produced a text in which (roughly speaking) the majority of the authorities named agree. At the same time he has not merely counted names, but has weighed the reasons which may have influenced an editor in adopting any particular reading. We have here, then, the only edition of the Greek Testament in which can be seen at a glance what is the present state of the Greek text of the New Testament, as determined by the consensus of the most competent editors. [N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls.]

JOSHUA WRAY.

"Joshua Wray" is the title of a novel which is just published by the United States Book Company from the pen of New York's Ex-Street Commissioner Hans Stevenson Beattie. It is a well-known fact that Mr. Beattie is a thinker and a deep thinker, but it is not generally known that he writes with ease and grace, and that a powerful element of romance enters into this work. The story teaches no particular lesson. It has many elements of strength, considered purely as a work of fiction, and will engross the reader's attention from cover to cover.

VANITAS.

In "Vanitas" [Lovell, Coryell & Co.] the lady whom the literary world knows as Vernon Lee has given us some strong work, displaying a keen, critical, and artistic sense. It is a collection of stories written from the point of view of "Art for Art's Sake" and consequently will possess comparatively little interest for those who belong to the new day, believing in "Art for Truth."

STEP BY STEP PRIMER.

A remarkable little pronouncing primer has just been published by Burnz & Co. of New York. It is designed to teach reading with correct pronunciation, making the eye a guide to the tongue without changing the spelling. The reader will at once be curious to know how this feat has been accomplished. It is in this way: Small letters are printed in hair line type under the letters which have sounds other than those employed. Thus, FIRST has a u in hair line under the i; OF has a v under the f, etc. The book is unique, and very valuable, not only for children, but for grown persons and especially for foreigners desiring to learn correct pronunciation of words. The price being only twenty-five cents places it within the reach of all.

FREE HAND DRAWING.

Mr. Anson K. Cross has given us in his work on "Free Hand Drawing" the clearest and most practical work for students and general readers interested in the subject I have ever read. It is copiously illustrated, and will prove exceedingly valuable to all interested in free-hand drawing, light and shadow, and the laws of perspective, etc. [Published by the author. Cloth, \$1.50. Address Boston Normal Art School.]

CONDENSED THOUGHT ABOUT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

The well-known author, Dr. Wm. H. Holcombe, has in this little pamphlet [Purdy Pub. Co., Chicago, price 27 cents] given a work remarkably rich in thoughtful sentiment and helpful suggestions. The character of the work may be judged by the contents, which are as follows: Statement of God and Man—Errors to be Repudiated—Real and Unreal—The False and True Self—Love and Thought—Denials—Affinity—Our Real Status—Disease and Its Cure, etc., etc., etc.

THE DIGNITY OF SEX.

One of the most radical little books on a most important subject which has recently appeared is Dr. Henry S. Chase's "The Dignity of Sex." [Paper, 50 cents. Purdy Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.] It is divided into three parts: I. A presentation of the origin and evolution of sex from lowest to highest life. II. The ethics of marriage and law of appetite. III. Law of heritage and control of sex. Dr. Chase discusses his subject in a manly, fearless way which will commend itself to healthy minds. His plea for equal rights, equal freedom, and equal privileges is a bold demand for the absolute right of womanhood. This is a book for thoughtful men and women who desire a higher and more perfect race than those at present on our globe; a race which can only come through proper generation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"THE WOMAN WHO DARES," by Ursula N. Gestefeld. Cloth, pp. 358, price, \$1.25. Published by Lovell, Gestefeld & Co., New York.

"GOVERNMENT ANALYZED," by John R. Kelso, A. M. Cloth, pp. 519. Published by Vincent Bros., Indianapolis, Ind.

"JOSHUA WRAY," by Hans Stevenson Beattie. Cloth, pp. 307; price, \$1.25. Published by United States Book Company, New York.

"MR. WITT'S WIDOW," by Anthony Hope. Cloth, pp. 243; price, \$1.25. Published by United States Book Company, New York.

"THE HEROINE OF '49," by Mary P. Sawtelle, M. D. Paper. Published by the author.

"THE ISLAND OF FANTASY," by Fergus Hume. Cloth, pp. 453; price, \$1.25. Published by Lovell, Gestefeld & Co., New York.

"COLUMBUS: AN EPIC POEM," by Samuel Jefferson. Cloth, pp. 239; price, 1.25. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

"ENGLAND AND ITS RULERS," by H. Pomeroy Brewster and George H. Humphrey. Cloth, pp. 285; price, \$1.50. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

"THE WHITE FEATHER," by Tasma. Paper, pp. 347; price, 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"THE MAMMON OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Paper, pp. 386; price, 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"THE DIGNITY OF SEX," by Henry S. Chase, M. D. Paper, pp. 175; price, 50 cents. Published by Purdy Publishing Company, Chicago.

"THE CRADLE OF THE COLOMBOS," by Rev. Hugh Flattery. Paper, pp. 46. Published by United States Book Company, New York.

"BETTER DEAD. MY LADY NICOTINE," by J. M. Barrie. Pp. 206. Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"WORMWOOD," by Marie Corelli. Cloth, pp. 421; price, \$1. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS," by Robert Louis Stevenson. Cloth, pp. 163; price, \$1. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD," by John Laidlaw, D. D. Cloth, pp. 384; price, \$1.75. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"ST. AUGUSTINE: A STORY OF THE HUGUENOTS IN AMERICA," by John R. Musick. Cloth, pp. 316; price, \$1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"THE RESULTANT GREEK TESTAMENT," by Richard Francis Weymouth, D. D. Cloth, pp. 644; price, \$3. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

"TOKOLOGY," by Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Cloth, pp. 374; price, \$2.75. Published by Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"ECHOES OF THE SUNSET CLUB," by W. W. Catlin. Cloth, pp. 235. Published by Howard, Bartels & Co., 28 Sherman Street, Chicago.

"STEP BY STEP PRIMER," by Eliza Boardman Burnz. Price, 25 cents. Published by Burnz & Co., 24 Clinton Place, New York.

"FREE-HAND DRAWING, LIGHT AND SHADE, AND FREE-HAND PERSPECTIVE FOR USE OF ART STUDENTS AND TEACHERS," by A. K. Cross. Illustrated. Cloth, pp. 200; price, \$1.50. Published by the author. Address Normal Art School, Boston, Mass.

"THE SEVEN PRINCIPLES OF MAN," by Annie Besant, F. T. S. Cloth, pp. 88. 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

"REINCARNATION," by Annie Besant, F. T. S. Cloth, pp. 70. 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

"SCARABAEUS," by the Marquisse Clara Lanza and James Clarence Harvey. Cloth, pp. 283; price, \$1.25. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"WIELAND; OR, THE TRANSFORMATION," by Charles Brockden Brown. Cloth, pp. 279; price, 75 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN FAS-PLUS," by the Marquis of Lorne. Paper, pp. 191; price, 25 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"MEA CULPA: A WOMAN'S LAST WORD," by Henry Harland. Paper, pp. 347; price, 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

This Issue of The Arena.

WE invite the attention of our readers to this issue of THE ARENA, as in this number we enter upon our seventh volume. It is our determination to make THE ARENA for 1893 superior to all previous volumes, to make it a review absolutely indispensable to every thoughtful American who lives in the light of the new day, who feels and knows that humanity must move grandly forward, if serious cataclysms and brutal strife are to be averted. It will be the aim of THE ARENA for 1893 to boldly tell the truth, to deal with all great vital problems fearlessly and ably. The most scholarly and earnest men and women of the age will give their best thoughts during the next twelve months. In the present issue our readers have an earnest of the breadth and purpose of THE ARENA for 1893. Here will be found the distinguished and earnest Congregational divine who so creditably fills the pulpit of Henry Ward Beecher, DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, discussing the vitally important problem of *Compulsory Arbitration*; BISHOP JOHN LANSING SPALDING, one of the ablest prelates of the Roman Church, gives a short but masterly paper on the *Opening of the World's Fair on Sunday*; REV. DR. A. NICHOLSON, the eminent English scholar, contributes a noteworthy essay to the *Bacon-Shakespeare discussion*; W. P. McLoughlin opens our series of papers on crying social evils with a powerful presentation of facts taken from the official records of New York; NAPOLEON NEY, grandson of the eminent French marshal, opens the new ARENA series of papers on *occult and psychical problems*. M. Ney discusses in a bright and interesting way the marvellous prog-

ress of occult theories in the cultured capital of France; MR. T. V. POWDERLY treats in a thoughtful manner a question of vital importance, which will not be settled until the injustice, prompted by the avarice of millionaire corporations, has given place to a more equitable condition; PROFESSOR JAMES T. BIXBY, Ph. D., contributes one of his masterly papers on the *thought moulder of ancient days*; THE EDITOR discusses *Religious Thought as Mirrored in Poetry and Song of Colonial Days and Recent Persecutions in Tennessee*; PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, and other critics discuss M. French-Sheldon's *Remarkable Book of Travels in the Dark Continent*; WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE's beautiful *Christmas story* is also a charming feature of this issue. MR. WM. J. FOWLER's critical paper on *America's and England's dead poets* will be read with keen interest. These are a few of the features of this issue of THE ARENA. We propose to make THE ARENA for 1893, more than any other review, the magazine of vital thought and information.

Social Problems of To-day.

In this issue we publish our first paper of a new series dealing with social problems of to-day. In it Mr. Wm. P. McLoughlin discusses Evictions in New York. The facts and figures are startling and suggestive, and yet this is only a sectional view of the world of want to be found in our great cities at the present time. There are darker and more hopeless scenes yet to be revealed. A paper on suicides will be an early feature of this series. It will contain much statistical data of great value. It is our determination to make THE ARENA for 1893 absolutely indispensable to every man, woman, and child whose soul is aroused by that divine light which teaches men and women to do rather than profess.

A New Departure.

Last year we published many symposiums on important vital themes which were very acceptable to our readers. There were, however, several objections to symposiums: they occupied so much space on one theme that it was impossible to give the variety we desired. We have therefore determined to employ symposiums only at rare intervals in the future, but to give in each issue of THE ARENA for '98 several brilliant short papers on vital living themes from eminent persons. In this issue the Right Reverend Bishop J. L. Spalding in a few pages gives, in a clear, crisp, and convincing manner, his reason for advocating the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday; and Mr. T. V. Powderly ably discusses the advisability of Government Ownership of Railroads. These articles, though brief, are masterly presentations of the subjects as seen by the eminent thinkers who discuss them. It is believed that this departure will greatly add to the interest of THE ARENA, and it will also enable us to give greater variety than would otherwise be possible.

The Occult in Paris.

Napoleon Ney, grandson of the famous marshal and a well-known thinker in the gay capital of France, appears for the second time before American readers in this issue of THE ARENA [his former paper appearing in Scribner's]. It is a significant fact that eminent scholars in all lines of thought in every intellectual centre of the world are to-day seriously investigating psychical and occult problems. Such men as Flammarion and Ney in France, Alfred Russel Wallace, Professor Crookes, Professor Oliver Lodge, Professor Sedgwick, and W. H. Myers in England, Rev. M. J. Savage, Professor Wm. James of Harvard, Professor Jos. Rodes Buchanan, and other scarcely less eminent or scholarly thinkers find psychical investigation worthy of serious and painstaking study. The gifted Frenchman discusses the growth of Occultism in Paris instead of seriously examining into the nature of extra-normal phenomena. It is well to know how

interested the thinking world is becoming in these problems, and such papers as M. Ney's are valuable as well as entertaining. In early issues of THE ARENA our psychical series will be continued by serious discussions of the many aspects involved in this great problem, the significance and importance of which few if any of us as yet appreciate.

In Defence of Shakespeare.

Dr. A. Nicholson enters THE ARENA this month in defence of Shakespeare, a worthy knight for the Bard of Avon, as all readers who peruse his searching presentation will admit. Indeed, in Drs. Nicholson and Furnivall THE ARENA has secured the two most eminent English critics who hold to the Shakespearean authorship. In the January number we expect to give our readers Dr. Furnivall's and Professor W. J. Rolfe's papers in defence of Shakespeare. These will close the briefs for the two contestants. Among the jurors who have consented to act since our last announcement are Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, General Rosecrans, O. B. Frothingham, and the eminent artist in wood engraving, G. Kruell.

A Series of Short Papers on Ethical Culture.

It is the intention of the editor of THE ARENA to give during the ensuing year a series of short papers on ethical culture, embracing discussions of its importance, its practicability, how it can be taught, and examples in the methods of emphasizing it. It is my profound conviction that only through a broad and systematic inculcation of moral or ethical principles can civilization avert the shipwreck which has marked civilizations of other days. "Religion pure and undefiled," as explained by an ancient sage, is what the world is hungering and thirsting for; but religion of dogma and creed, of rite and form, is largely retarding man's progress. We do not want a religion which will shut the poor man from the art galleries or the World's Fair on Sunday. No, a thousand times no! But we want a religion or a soul

culture which will make us, first of all, liberal in the broadest sense of the word; so liberal as to enable us to stand with both feet on the Golden Rule, and, what is more, never step from this noble pedestal; a religion of love and of justice, of tenderness and mercy; a religion which shall embrace all humanity in its sympathetic love, and build no barrier of creed or opinion, of caste or condition around the children of men. In these papers I hope to be able to give some hints which will prove helpful to those striving for the new thought, which is now trembling in the balance and which, if slain by greed, avarice, materialism, and creedal bigotry, will mark the outgoing of the soul of modern civilization, as the triumph of intellectual training over moral enthusiasm marked the decay of Greek civilization, and as the ascendancy of human greed and sensual gratification suffocated the once promising spirit of progress in ancient Rome.

The Next Step Forward.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace is not only the greatest living working naturalist and one of the foremost physical scientists of the age, but his interest in social progress and a higher civilization has led to profound study of social conditions; and while our readers may not agree with his conclusions, they will enjoy the masterly presentation of views resulting from deep research and earnest study, which will be a feature of an early issue of *THE ARENA*.

Important Papers by Rabbi Schindler.

Early issues of *THE ARENA* will contain important contributions from the forcible and original pen of Rabbi Schindler on vital topics of our time. Our readers are too well acquainted with Rabbi Schindler to need any introduction. He is a keen reasoner, a deep student, and a man whose earnest soul is in sympathy with the great movements of our day, looking toward justice for all the people and the reign of universal brotherhood.

The Second Number of the *Psychical Review*.

The *Psychical Review* for November is the second number of this important journal devoted to psychical science. It is fully up to the first issue in subject-matter, and will be read with profound interest by those interested in the sympathetic but scientific investigation of psychical problems. Among the many interesting papers are contributions from Professor Jos. Rodes Buchanan on Psychometry; L. A. Phillips, M. D., of the Mass. Homœopathic Medical Society, gives a most interesting paper on Authenticated cases of psychometric diagnosis of disease; B. F. Underwood contributes a thoughtful paper on the Totality of the Individual Mind; L. H. Stone, Ph. D., writes on Inspiration in Art; Rev. T. Ernest Allen discusses Popular Prejudice and Psychical Research. Many other papers of special interest are found in this issue. The *Psychical Review* is the only important magazine published in America devoted to the dignified discussion of psychical phenomena. It is the organ of the American Psychical Society, and should be taken by all thoughtful people interested in the marvellous but little understood psychical phenomena occurring at the present time. The *Psychical Review* is a quarterly magazine published at \$3 a year, or \$1 per issue. It was originally published for the members of the American Psychical Society and not intended for general circulation. But numbers of subscriptions have been received which indicate the great interest of thinking people in psychical science. It may be interesting to our readers to know something of the composition of the American Psychical Society. The Governing Board consists of twelve members, as follows: Rev. M. J. Savage, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Professor A. E. Dolbear and Professor A. M. Comey of Tufts College, Dr. L. A. Phillips, Rev. T. Ernest Allen, Rev. R. Heber Newton, E. Gerry Brown, Rev. E. A. Horton, Hamlin Garland, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and B. O. Flower. Among the members and associate members are Helen Campbell, Rev. Robert

Collyer, Camille Flammarion, Rev. E. L. Rexford, Rev. W. H. Savage, Professor James T. Bixby, B. F. Underwood, and Rev. Alexander Kent. There are now between one hundred and fifty and two hundred members and associate members of the society. The annual fee of members is \$5; associate members, \$3. All members and associate members receive the *Psychical Review* free of charge. All communications relating to the *Psychical Review* should be addressed to Rev. T. Ernest Allen, Secretary of American Psychical Society, Grafton, Mass., or to the *Psychical Review*, Room 19, Pierce Building, Boston, Mass.

Special Features of The Arena.

THE ARENA possesses several special features of great value and interest not found in any other leading review.

1. Books of the Day. In addition to the sixteen hundred and sixty pages of reading matter in THE ARENA for the past year, we have given our readers almost two hundred pages of finely printed critical reviews on leading books of the day. This made THE ARENA by far the largest review published in America during 1892.

2. We have also given our readers more than a score of full-page portraits on heavy plate paper. This also is a special feature of THE ARENA, and, while adding greatly to its expense, makes it far more valuable and attractive to the reader.

3. Stories and biographical and autobiographical sketches. In addition to the complete publication in THE ARENA of Mr. Garland's powerful novel "A Spoil of Office," there have appeared during the past year over twenty short stories, biographies, autobiographies, and prose etchings written for its pages by such writers as Dr. Geo. Stewart, D. C. L., Professor Willis Boughton, of the Ohio University, Professor James T. Bixby, Ph. D., D. G. Watts, Hamlin Garland, Wm. H. Hudson, Helen Campbell, Will Allen Dromgoole, James Realf, Jr., James A. Herne, Mary A. Livermore, Mildred Aldrich, John Hudspeth, William D. McCrackan, A. M., etc. These stories,

biographies, and prose etchings alone would, if published in book form, make three volumes costing not less than \$3.50 to \$4 and representing the best American thought along these lines. Every member of the family will be interested in THE ARENA for 1893, while the most profound student and earnest philanthropist will find its pages a repository of living vital thoughts and authoritative facts. No wide-awake American can afford to be without THE ARENA for 1893.

Our Christmas Story.

Will Allen Dromgoole gives our readers one of her most charming stories of real life in her delightful sketch published this month. Many writers, if given ample space, can produce an interesting story; but very few possess the faculty of arresting and holding the attention of the reader in short stories of from sixteen hundred to three thousand words, especially when the story has no semblance of a plot. This rare faculty is, in our judgment, possessed by Miss Dromgoole in a greater degree than any other short story writer of to-day; hence her stories are general favorites. It is to be regretted that she dwells so much in the shadow, because she possesses a keen sense of humor and is able to depict the sunshine no less powerfully than the shadow. During 1893 Miss Dromgoole will give our readers several delightful stories.

Feed the Brain of the Child as Well as the Body.

Parents cannot do better than give their children good books for holiday presents; indeed, no gifts are so appropriate for children, because they feed the brain and soul. This is a great truth which parents have been slow to learn. In this issue of THE ARENA are several works advertised which would make beautiful holiday presents. Perhaps the most superb gift in the way of a book would be M. French-Sheldon's wonderful story of her travels in the dark continent. It is a sumptuous volume richly illustrated.

Our Fund for the Deserving Poor.

Elsewhere we reproduce our last month's report on our fund for the deserving poor, and we earnestly urge all our readers to peruse it. Below I give the amounts which have been contributed since our November report was written.

W. F. Gray, Cincinnati, O.	\$5 50
A. Friend, Melrose, Mass.	5 50
Samuel S. Reed, Newport, Or.	1 00
Mrs. S. M. Lott, Lily Dale, N. Y.	2 00
Mrs. Louise Cummings, Winthrop, Me.	5 00
Sarah H. Richards, Milwaukee, Wis.	1 00
Mrs. Emma Shepler, Dayton, O.	1 00
K. G. S., Hillsboro, Ill.	4 00
Jacob Kufi, Urbana, Kan.	4 00
Mary Kufi, Urbana, Kan.	1 00
A. R. Sanger, Perry, N. Y.	1 00
Total	\$31 00

Among our readers who can afford to help, how many care enough for the suffering to aid them? This is a terrible time of the year for the very poor. Perhaps you have them at your door; if not, will you not help the suffering in Boston?

A Magnificent Work of Art by Mr. Kruell.

No European country can boast of such finished artists among wood engravers as we possess; and among our portrait engravers on wood none hold a higher position than Mr. Kruell. Of his latest work, the portrait of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the *New York Nation* recently said: "The noble series of American portraits which we owe to the skill of Mr. G. Kruell, member of the Society of American Wood Engravers, has just been extended by one of the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' The likeness is all that the intimate friends of Mrs. Stowe could desire, while the execution is on a level with Mr. Kruell's finest work. The quality of the flesh, the expression of the eye and mouth, the complex of physical traits which reveal the character of the best known of the Beecher family, have been rendered with the same sympathy and sureness that so distinguished this artist's portrait of Grant—an admirable study in contrasting technique. Another interesting comparison is afforded by the steel engraving after Richmond's idealized portrait of Mrs. Stowe thirty to forty years ago.

Mr. Kruell has taken the plain, strong face of this New England woman and endowed it with an inner, not an outward grace, much as the novelists of her section have beautified their homely types of New England womanhood. The result is the truest portraiture, satisfactory alike to those who demand photographic fidelity of form and feature, and to those who seek a manifestation of the spirit which transcends physiognomy."

Mr. Garland on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Hamlin Garland will spend a part of the winter on the Pacific Coast, with headquarters at Santa Barbara. He will lecture on social reform subjects and upon "The West in Literature," and will give readings from his prose and verse. He will also represent the American Psychical Society. He is president of this Society, and those wishing to have branch societies formed on the Pacific Coast, or who are otherwise interested in the progress of scientific, sympathetic psychical research, should communicate with him at once at Santa Barbara, Cal. We would also add that on social and reformative subjects Mr. Garland is a forcible and brilliant speaker, while no one better represents the Ibsen school of veritists or realists in literature than does Mr. Garland.

An American School of Sculpture.

William Ordway Partridge, the American sculptor whose Madonna, recently exhibited at the Back Bay Museum of Fine Arts, attracted such favorable notice from our best art critics, sailed last month for Paris, to again engage in work in his studio. Before leaving Mr. Partridge prepared a remarkably thoughtful paper on "An American School of Sculpture," which will appear in an early issue of *THE ARENA*, being one of our series of constructive papers which will be a feature of *THE ARENA* for 1893.

Mrs. Campbell's Opening Paper Postponed until the January Arena.

We very much regret not being able to give the first of Mrs. Campbell's admi-

table series of papers on the "Working Women of America, France, and England" in this issue, as announced last month, but the first paper will be a feature of the January ARENA. This series of essays will be one of the most important contributions to the social literature of the year.

A Correction.

In my editorial I speak of the three men being chained to the three criminals. I am informed by wire that *through the mercy of the jailer*, who seems to have been the only officer connected with the case who was more a man than a bigot, that these victims of Christian persecution were *not chained to the criminals*, but *were worked and marched with chained men* in the public highways of Tennessee. I make this correction, wishing to be strictly accurate in all my statements, although, of course, the correction in no way affects the points involved.

The Defeat of President Harrison.

The overwhelming defeat of President Harrison is no surprise to those who were in touch with the great toiling millions of our land, and who fully expected the constant reiteration of his champions, that the people were happy and prosperous, to be rebuked. Many and complex are the factors entering into the Republican defeat; the general discontent of the people and a fear of the centralizing or Hamiltonian instincts of the party of President Harrison are doubtless the chief and general causes. There was also a powerful factor which few people have taken into account, but, from letters received from influential persons throughout the nation, I am led to believe, influenced tens of thousands if not hundreds of thousands of votes, and that was the *spirit of intolerance which characterized the present administration*, and the determined efforts on the part of Postmaster-General Wanamaker to establish a Censorship of the Press. During the past administration innocent

men who censured the postal department were prosecuted relentlessly as criminals; noble-minded men were cruelly imprisoned; moreover, the President turned a deaf ear to all petitions for their release. These facts were well known and widely discussed among the fraternity of those who love liberty and still believe that toleration and justice are more in harmony with nineteenth-century civilization than bigotry and persecution, and the determination was made to rebuke an administration which was so conspicuous for cant and the spirit of intolerance. I am led to believe from what I know that tens of thousands of votes were cast against the Republican Party owing to these facts, which otherwise would have gone to its nominees. It is the duty of every man to vote against any man who lends himself to furthering the spirit of intolerance, bigotry, or despotism, and any party which sanctions the prosecution of noble-minded men should be rebuked by defeat.

The Twentieth Century Club.

Before leaving for Paris Mr. William Ordway Partridge was largely instrumental in forming the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, an organization of gentlemen who are deeply interested in the great reform movements of the age. It is believed that the Twentieth Century Club will prove a centre for reformative work, and will accomplish much for the weal of our people in the modern Athens.

Rev. O. P. Gifford on the World's Fair.

Rev. O. P. Gifford of Emanuel Church, Chicago, is not only one of the most influential clergymen in the Baptist church, but, what is more important, he comes far nearer carrying out the Christ ideal in his noble, ministerial work than most nineteenth-century ministers. In the January ARENA Dr. Gifford will contribute a short but forcible paper on "THE OPENING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR ON SUNDAY."

FUND FOR THE DESERVING POOR.

LAST month we published an earnest appeal to our readers who wished to aid struggling humanity in the slums of Boston to contribute such an amount as they might feel able for this purpose. Below we give a statement of receipts and disbursements since our September statement. We can only add that winter is upon us; coal and food are higher. The infamous coal trust is adding greatly to the miseries of the very poor, who have to freeze when they have little money, so that the many time millionnaires who have monopolized God's great storehouses of heat, may add to their already overflowing coffers. Winter is here and the poor are starving and freezing. Those among our readers who feel that they can lighten hearts now bowed with crushing care, and sweeten homes now made very bitter by failure to obtain work at living prices, can accomplish this by forwarding whatever they feel they can afford to the editor of THE ARENA. We have, during the past year and a half, raised over \$2,000, the most of which has already been disbursed for the relief or aid of those who were destitute and deserving.

ANNUAL REPORT.

Total receipts to date	\$2,117 44
Total disbursements as per itemized reports published in ARENA up to the October number, including September reports	1,760 80
Disbursements as per report given below	\$160 35
	<hr/> 1,920 95
Balance from which reports have not been returned	\$196 49

REPORT OF RECEIPTS.

Total receipts acknowledged up to October	\$2,004 19
Acknowledged in October ARENA	110 25
Received from a friend, Stockton, Cal.	1 00
C. L. H., Boston	2 00

\$2,117 44

EXPENDITURE OF ARENA POOR FUND FROM JULY 12 TO SEPTEMBER 12, 1892.

For groceries for destitute families	\$7 25
For medicine	3 00
For nourishing food for the sick	1 40
Clothing for children	1 95
Repairs on fifty-three pairs of old boots and shoes donated	21 55
Aid in getting a situation for a man	2 50
Aid in paying rent	6 00
Temperance work and relief	3 45
Expenses in connection with summer outing for 765 children and mother from one to ten days each	67 75
For poor man with large family in great need	8 00
For two families in want	17 50
For clothes and rent for a poor woman kept from a situation owing to shabby clothes	20 00
	<hr/> \$160 35

RECAPITULATION.

Total receipts	\$2,117 44
Total disbursements	1,920 95
Balance	196 49

A large proportion of this balance of \$196 will have been spent before this report goes to press, and probably all will be exhausted before this line meets the reader's eye.

Rev. Walter J. Swaffield of the Bethel Mission, which is situated in the heart of the slums of the North End, presents his statement of disbursements made under his personal supervision, as follows:—

SUMMER OUTINGS FOR THE POOR.

No one who has spent an hour in the "social cellar" of Boston, and looked upon the sufferings and privations of the people, and breathed the impure

THE ARENA.

and suffocating atmosphere in which men, women, and children linger through the livelong year, can fail to realize the great need for these kindred in distress having at least once a year a breath of fresh air and a sight of green fields and trees and smiling flowers. The readers of THE ARENA have made it possible, at a very small sacrifice on their part, for over seven hundred and sixty women and children to enjoy from one to twenty days at the seaside or in the country. If the contributors could only see the looks of surprise, and listen to the wild cries of delight, or spend an hour or more with the merry romping children from the slums, or greet those who have been sent away wasted and sick as they return with bounding step and glad report of feeling "so much better," and hear the hearty and sincere, "thank you," "thank you," they would feel that they were well repaid for all they had done, and only wish they had done more in the name of Him who went about doing good. Would you look in upon a few of the homes from which the children have been taken? Here are a few, only typical, however, of the many.

We were called to see a poor family on Hanover Street, who were reported as in great distress; found a poor sick woman, with an infant two weeks old. The mother, though weak and suffering, was bending over the wash-tub. No food in the house except a crust saved from the last evening meal for the dinner of a girl who just then came in from school with the faint but bitter cry, "O mother, I'm so hungry!" The crust is brought forth and devoured by the child, while mother and infant continue their fast from the evening before. (The husband went to sea six months ago, and has not been heard of since.) The wants of these poor ones were relieved, and mother and children sent into the country for three weeks. The poor woman has regained her strength, and the children are doing well.

On the same street a little cripple girl who was a great care to her mother, whose only way of making a living was by sewing, was sent into the country for the whole summer, and the mother for a few days, making her feel, as she said, as though "she could work all the time now."

We enter a dark alley, off one of the main streets, and in a wretched place find a poor man sick with rheumatism; his wife with a most painful felon on her finger, thus preventing her from doing what little work she could get for the support of the family—a little boy, sick with cholera infantum; two girls, whose white pinched faces were a sight to behold—they were all in a most desperate condition. Plain and proper nourishment was provided, and the whole family taken for several days to the seaside. Even this brief respite from such awful condition has seemed to give them new courage and health.

Such cases could be multiplied, but these are only fair samples of many others. One more must suffice. We had secured a place in the country for a poor old widow with two children dependent upon her, but she, being a Catholic, was forbidden by the priest to send them; she stoutly refused to obey him, telling him to his face that it was all well enough for him to sit in his gilded mansion and feast upon all the luxuries of the season, and to dictate to her who had but a crust to eat, and forbid her to accept the kindness of "true Christianity." She went with the children, and was very much improved on her return to the city, the priest notwithstanding. In behalf of the poor, and those who otherwise would have no earthly helpers, I desire to thank the readers of THE ARENA for their aid in this work.

Our kindergarten for these poor children has opened, and already the number in attendance is greater than one teacher can manage. Could not the expense of providing another teacher be borne by some friend of oppressed childhood?

WALTER J. SWAFFIELD.

